

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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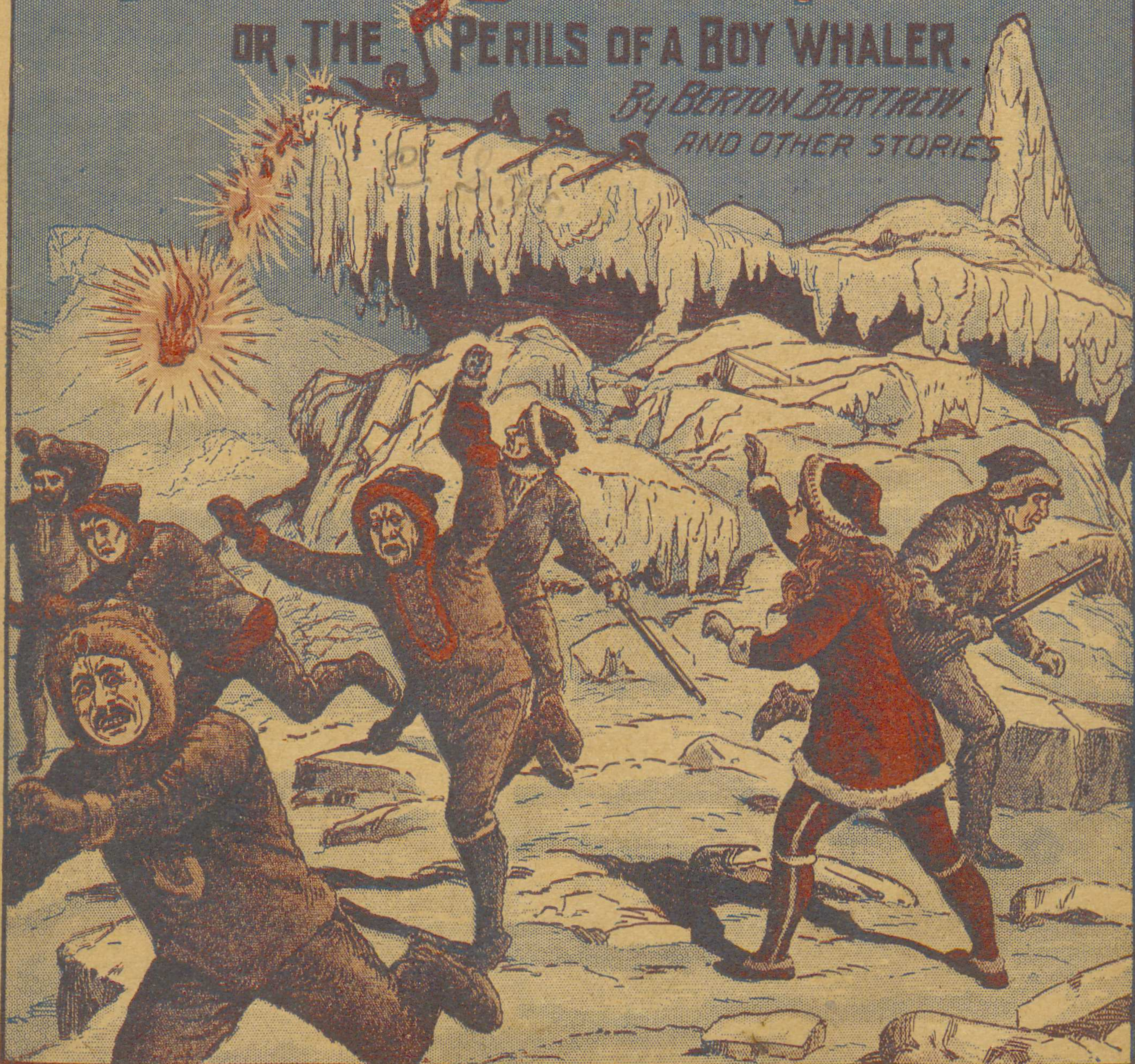
NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1918.

Price SIX Cents

IN THE SEA OF ICE

OR, THE PERILS OF A BOY WHALER.

By BERTON BERTREW.
AND OTHER STORIES



The ball of fire was hurled right among the startled Esquimaux, frightening them out of their wits, and causing them to take precipitate flight. The unwilling leader or prisoner, which ever it might be, that they had been thrusting forward, was now suddenly left alone.

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—OR—

THE PERILS OF A BOY WHALER

By BERTON BERTREW

CHAPTER I.

IN THE SEA OF ICE.

"Tell ye what 'tis boys, I don't like the looks o' things, and it's my opinion that we'd better get out o' yer kind o' sudden. The clouds up yonder ain't ter my likin', an' I donno but we'd better be turnin' tail on the Arctic, an' let well enough alone."

The speaker was Captain Sam Carter, of the whaling bark *Seagull*, of Nantucket, then in the Arctic ocean finishing up a pretty good season, and being on the point of turning about and seeking warmer seas in which to pursue his calling.

Cap'n Sam, as he was universally called, so that none but his most intimate friends knew what his full name was, most people being ignorant of it, was a jolly old seadog, a thorough seaman, an efficient commander, and a man who probably knew as much about the northern seas and their dangers as any man in the business of whale-catching, in which he had been engaged, man and boy, for more than forty years.

The words reported were spoken as soon as the skipper made his appearance on deck one cloudy morning, and their correctness was not to be denied, for both the sea and the sky had a bad look, and boded little good to the vessel who would brave too long perils of the faraway ocean.

Away in the distance could be seen the coast covered with snow and ice, and on either hand were huge fields, broken masses and solid bergs of the same cold, glittering substance, the long lanes of water lying between these masses being the only means of getting out of this frozen sea.

Let these lanes be once choked with the pack ice—let one of these great bergs become grounded, and attach itself to the loose floes, and thus bar the passage out, and the unlucky ship imprisoned here would run the chance of being imprisoned for many months, if not destroyed by the surging floes, whose force is almost past belief.

Cap'n Sam knew all this, for he had had many a narrow escape from just such dangers, and it was no wonder, therefore, that he was somewhat alarmed, and began to think that it was high time he got away, while he could do so with a whole skin.

The plans that men make are frequently changed, however, by what seem mere trifles, or at least by events not at all out of the common, and so it was destined to be with Cap'n Sam and the trim little *Seagull*.

It was scarcely half an hour after the skipper had come on deck when George Underhill, a young fellow of about twenty-two, who acted as harpooner in the "old man's" boat, being then snugly ensconced in the crow's nest at the main masthead, shouted down to the skipper:

"There's something coming toward us, sir. Looks like a big bowhead whale traveling alone. He hain't spouted yet, but I don't think I can be mistaken."

"Ye haven't got a glass, have ye, George?" asked the skipper.

"Yes, sir, but it's clouded over and I can see better without it."

"Guess I'll come up and take a look myself."

He had barely gone up half a dozen ratlines, however, when there came a ringing shout from above.

"Ay—ay! there he is, sir. There he spouts! A big fellow, too."

"How far off, George?"

"Four or five miles, sir, and coming this way, down the lead. Maybe we'd better lower for him before he gets in amongst the loose ice, for then we'll lose him sure."

"So we had! Come down, George. Shipkeeper, go up to the masthead with your flags. Clear away the starboard boat there. Guess ye'd better come, too, Mr. Hook," to the mate.

"Ay ay, sir! Get ready the larboard!" shouted the mate. "Lively it is, now!"

Down came George from the masthead, being greeted with a smile as reached the deck by Jessie Carter, the pretty daughter of the skipper, the young lady having often accompanied her father on his voyages.

The boats were quickly cleared, the men putting in the line tubs, boat and lantern kegs, oars, mast, harpoons and other necessary appurtenances, and then, when everything was ready, two men were stationed at the falls and the order given to lower.

As the boats descended from the davits, the crews jumped in and took their places, the ropes were cast off, and almost as soon as they touched the water they were skimming away over the waves, each pulled by five sturdy oarsmen, the officer sitting in the stern and steering.

Down the watery lane went the two boats, the captain's leading, as is customary, all hands pulling with a will, for the air was sharp and cold, and exercise was necessary to keep the blood in circulation, despite the fur coats, hoods and mittens worn by the men.

After half an hour of this work, the skipper, glancing ahead, said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Aha! There he is, still blowin' and tumblin', and comin' right for us. Pull steady and easy, boys, and don't make too much noise, 'cause we might gally him, an' then he'd go to Ballywick afore we'd catch up to him agin."

The skipper spoke in a sharp, short manner, clipping off all his words to the smallest possible proportions, so that one had to pay the closest attention to tell what he was saying at times, though upon the present occasion, there was no mistaking them.

The whale had not been seen from the time of the lowering until now, although the men knew that he was still in sight from the vessel on account of the flag at masthead, which was still flying, and which would have been hauled in had the monster sounded, that is to say, gone under.

George cast a look over his shoulder as he pulled his long oar, and saw the whale throw up a spout of vapor, which was quickly condensed into water, and fell into the sea with a splash.

"He's a big fellow, isn't he?" he said, quickly. "Good one to wind up the season with."

"Pull steady and easy, boys," again cautioned the captain,

and it was a necessary warning, as whales can hear to great distance, and often the lowering of the boats, or the rattling of the oars in the rowlocks will cause them to take fright, and either turn and swim away at a great speed, or sink out of sight.

When a whale sounds it is not always easy to tell which way he will go, and he may keep right on in his course, or turn upon it and go in any direction, not appearing again for half an hour or more, and perhaps then come up in an entirely different quarter from the one expected.

The men pulled a long, steady stroke, making no unnecessary noise in dipping their oars or lifting them from the water.

On came the huge cetacean, one of the most valuable of the different species, now spouting, now lashing the icy waves with his great flukes until the wake was one mass of foam, and now rolling from side to side in play, though still pursuing an onward course.

"Better take in your oar, George, and get your iron ready. I'll put ye right ahead on to him, so's he won't see ye, and ye'll have the best chance in the world."

George drew in his oar and laid it along the thwarts, and then, seeing that the harpoon had been spliced to the nearest line, paused the pole in his right hand, put his knee in the chock at the bow, and stood facing the approaching leviathan with a look of determination upon his handsome face.

As they were directly in front of the monster, they could not be seen, whereas, had they approached him at an angle on either side, his small eyes would have detected them, and, taking the alarm at once, he would have fled, for whales never attack a boat or a man swimming in the water unless they first have been assailed.

George grasped the pole of the sharp iron firmly, the men pulled with a will, and presently peaked their oars at a sign from the captain, while the young harpooner braced himself for the effort.

Whiz! went the harpoon through the air, striking the great head of the monster and sinking deep through the blubber and flesh.

The tremendous creature gave a start, lashed the waves with his enormous flukes, and made a dash for the boat.

"Stern all!" yelled the captain, swinging the little craft around with his long steering oar. Stern! Stern! Stern!"

The men backed water with a will, knowing that the great marine animal which they had attacked, if he once should strike the boat, it would be dashed into a hundred pieces.

Forward pressed the leviathan, smarting with pain and spouting blood and vapor, but around swung the boat, the line paying out rapidly until they had passed the dangerous region of his flukes and were fast falling behind.

The animal paused for an instant, as though looking for his enemy, and then dashed ahead in the direction of the ship.

This had given the captain a chance to make a double turn of the line around the loggerhead, or stout post in the stern, and checked the speed of the whale, who was now forced to tow the boat, instead of reeling off fathom after fathom of the line and leaving the boat behind.

The skipper now went forward to kill the whale as soon as he became tired out, while George took his place and steered whenever it became necessary to alter their course.

The mate now dashed up quickly, having put his boat upon one side as the whale came speeding along, and a second iron was quickly hurled and fastened into the monster's body, just back of the hump, one of the best places to put a harpoon in all the length of these gigantic creatures.

The line was quickly made fast, and then both boats were towed swiftly through the lane of water, one on each side, the whale going like the wind, and vainly striving to escape.

As they passed the vessel, at a safe distance, all hands ran to the rail to look at the chase, and the skipper roared out in stentorian tones:

"But about an' follow us, Mr. Hawser. Reckon this fellow will tow us clear down to the Atlantic before he stops."

Smarting with pain, both irons having entered so deeply that there was no pulling them out, the monster kept on his mad way, lashing about with his tail, one blow of which would have shivered both boats in an instant, while the men peaked their oars and sat watching their prey and waiting patiently for him to slow up.

The Seagull was put about, following the two boats like a great bird, just keeping them in sight, and being at hand when the chase should end and the men return.

One, two, three hours the monster continued to dash ahead, never giving the boats a chance to pull up on him, that the captain might finish his work, but still dashing on, as though with the intention of going from pole to pole before he paused in his mad course.

CHAPTER II.

BOILING OUT.

"Well, this may be exciting enough for once," muttered the stroke oarsman of the captain's boat, as he filled and lighted his pipe, there being nothing to do just then, but let the whale tow them until he got tired, "but that ain't what I was cut out for."

"What was that?" asked George, who, it will be remembered, was now in the captain's place at the helm, the stroke being directly in front of him.

"What was it? Why, an actor, to be sure. Old Booth used to tell me often, when I was but a stripling, that I ought to go on the stage. Ah, that's where I missed it! Shades of Booth, Forest, Kemble, Macready, Barry Sullivan, David Garrick! What a falling off was there when Jack Spratt left the stage to turn sailor, and a poor one at that!"

"Sailors is all very well in their way," growled Joe Williams, who pulled the tub oar.

"Ah, yes! But an actor! Think of his fame, his fortune, and his sacred honor, as Rolla says to the Peruvians. Why, I remember when young Les' Wallack went on the stage of the Old Bowery, in New York; he didn't have any better chance than I, and now look at him. Look at Kean, and Davidge, and Ben Webster, and Buckstone, and Davenport. They all had less chances than I, but they improved them, while I—well, if iver a man missed his vocation, I did."

"Well, ye kin do your best in this one," retorted Jenkins, the 'midship oarsman. "Anyhow, you ain't got a name for an actor. Who'd want to go and see Jack Spratt act out? They'd laugh at ye!"

"Ha, ha! I would make the name so glorious, did I but once don the sock and buskin and tread the boards, that men would forget its absurdity. You never heard me recite, did you? Well, I'll give you Mark Anthony's address to the Romans, from the divine bard's immortal masterpiece of Julius Cæsar. Listen:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen!

Lend me your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to—"

"Haul in a little on that slack there!" cried the captain, at that moment, and Jack Spratt's Anthony oration came to a sudden termination.

The leviathan had slowed up a little, and now all hands laid hold of the line and drew in a dozen or twenty fathoms, George holding the turn, so as not to let any of what they had gained get away from them.

The mate also succeeded in getting considerably nearer, but neither of the boats could draw up close enough to get a lance or an explosive bomb into the animal and so finish him.

The lines were made fast again, as the whale suddenly put on a spurt and dashed ahead, dragging the boats behind them at a speed that made the water foam and bubble around their bows and dash the spray over them at times.

Having relighted his pipe, when they were once more idle, and puffing away in silence for a few moments, Jack Spratt resumed:

"Ah, to think of being on the same stage with Booth, Bennett, McCullough, or Jim Wallack, even if you couldn't do more than carry a banner, and hear that splendid oration:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen!

Lend me your—"

"Take your oars, boys!" cried Cap'n Sam, suddenly. "I b'lieve the beggar's gettin' tired. We'll haul up on him an' give him a taste o' cold steel. That's what he wants."

Jack Spratt sighed, took up his oar, and forgot that he might have been in a different line had he only stuck to it.

He pulled a long, steady, powerful stroke, which his companions could easily follow, and as fast as they gained on the whale George drew in the slack and made it fast.

"Never mind makin' fast, George," said Cap'n Sam, after about twenty minutes of this sort of work. "Just draw it in and put me alongside."

Then grasping the long pole of the sharp steel lance firmly,

in both hands, Cap'n Sam arose and stood ready, while the men pulled with a will, and George steered him right alongside the whale, which now lay quiet.

Deep into his head the skipper plunged his keen weapon, drawing it in and out like the dasher of a churn, drawing blood at every stroke.

The huge creature roared and rolled and thrashed about, but Cap'n Sam, shod with spiked boots, leaped upon the slippery back of the monster, and, driving the lance clear up to the end of the shank into his vitals, let out his life, and brought the conflict to an end.

There was one last flurry, during which the monster struggled in the greatest agony, and then he turned slowly over upon his side—Cap'n Sam leaping into his boat—and lay dead upon the waters.

Securing the huge carcass by towlines and floats, so that it might not sink or drift away, the boats awaited the coming up of the bark, when all hands scrambled aboard, the boats were hauled up, the dead whale secured by chains passed around his head, body and flukes, and then, while those who had been engaged in the chase went to their dinners, the rest attended to the work of cutting in, preparatory to boiling out, the vessel being brought to, the sails furled, and the wheel lashed, so that they lay almost idle upon the waves, merely drifting with the tide.

It was now considerably after twelve o'clock, and the unfriendly appearance of the sea and sky had borne in the morning had by no means improved, the sun being now obscured, and the wind blowing freely, so that the pieces of blubber were thrown upon deck and cut up, and they were fairly covered with frozen spray which by no means added to the comfort of those who had this work in charge.

"We'd better git her out of the way while we can," observed Cap'n Sam, "and not trust to stowin' ter blubber away, an' tryin' it out afterward."

The fires were lighted under the pots that night although all the blubber had not been cut from the whale's carcass, but all hands were set to work, one gang cut off the blanket pieces, reduced these to horse pieces, and passed them over to the mincers, to be prepared for the pots, while another tended the fires, kept the pots going, filled the deck casks from the coolers, and passed the oil below in great copper buckets to be put in casks.

The light from the fires, and occasionally from the chimneys, too, when the former were built up too fiercely, the clouds of black smoke that floated off to leeward, the forms of the men hurrying to and fro, the creaking blocks, the surging waves, the songs of the men at the windlass, the calls of the boilers—all these sights and sounds made up a scene that in weirdness could scarcely be equaled.

All night without a rest the men worked with a will, all hands being engaged, from the cabin boy who turned the grindstone to sharpen the blades, cleaning knives and mincers, to the mates, who presided at the pots, even to the cook and steward not being excepted, no, nor Cap'n Sam, who worked harder than anyone.

The immense head, with its "case," from which gallons and gallons of clear oil was taken out by bucketfuls, being too large to hoist on deck, was cut up and bailed out overboard, the carcass was cut away as fast as the blubber was stripped off, the bone of the mouth—one of the most valuable parts of the whole animal—was secured, and at last, when morning dawned, there remained nothing of the huge creature which had given them such a chase, except what was on deck and down below in the casks.

The fires under the pots were still going, and would continue to do so all day and night, as there were still many barrels of blubber to try out, and the work must not cease until it had been finished.

Matters were looking dubious, however, for behind them the ice closed in and spread out in a broad, glittering sheet as far as could be seen, while in front the lanes of water had decreased both in numbers and in width, and several huge bergs had moved up which had not been in sight the day before, and which now threatened to close the path and keep the vessel imprisoned until the spring.

"Just look at me," muttered Jack Spratt, in a tone of disgust, as he stood rubbing down his bare body with a bunch of oakum, to get the oil off, some of his companions having already turned in for a nap of a couple of hours. "What a difference between this life and the stage! Ha! It vexes my soul!"

"You might play Mazeppa, or the French Spy," said George, with a laugh. "You've just got about the right

costume, a little less, perhaps, than tradition speaks of, but then, you know, your favorite Anthony is supposed to be naked in the first act."

"Ah, yes, that reminds me. You didn't hear me spout that speech:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen:

Lend me your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

Have respect for my honor.

And be patient that you may hear

The evil that men do lives——"

"Below there!" called the second mate. "You'll have to turn up in an hour. There's more to do up here than you think."

"Go to sleep, Jack," said George. "You didn't get it right anyhow. I used to speak that piece in school, and I know it by heart."

Jack Spratt, the disappointed tragedian, concealed his chargin as best he might in sleep, and about two hours later all hands were again called and part of the watch on deck went below to sleep until dinner.

By night the greater part of the work had been done, and as the way was still clear, the vessel drifted slowly down the channel, it was deemed safe to continue it, the night being divided into two watches of six hours each, one half the crew working while the other slept.

George was on duty the first half of the night, and when he turned in, some little sail was set, the vessel going at an increased rate, and keeping well in the middle of the channel, out of the way of the drifting ice.

Somewhere about four o'clock, for it was still dark, a tremendous crash was heard, and then there came a shock which was felt from one end of the vessel to the other, all hands being awakened in a moment.

Confused cries were heard upon deck, and George, hurrying on his clothes, scrambled up the ladder at full speed, followed by his companions.

An immense iceberg had turned over, jammed the floe right under the vessel's keel, and now held it as tightly as though it were a part of the berg itself.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEARS.

At that time neither Cap'n Sam nor his officers could determine the full extent of the damage done, it being so dark, and there being no means of making an investigation.

All they knew was that the vessel had ceased to move, that the ice pressed under and around her, holding her as though in a vise, and putting a complete stop to all motion on her part.

The sails were useless, and they were taken in and snugly furled, in order that they should not freeze solid or the blocks become clogged with ice and refuse to move.

There was still some blubber to be boiled down, but as nothing other than this could be done for the present, the men who had turned up at the first alarm were now sent below again and the others continued work.

In the morning the decks were cleared of rubbish, the hatches secured, the try-works covered over and everything restored to its usual condition, the vessel looking as neat and clean as though just leaving port.

The condition of affairs was found to be as had been supposed the night before—that is, an immense mass of ice had forced itself directly under the vessel, throughout its entire length, raising it bodily from the water, and yet holding it upright, as in a cradle or drydock, other masses of ice having been pressed in on both sides until within a foot or so of the deck level.

A thorough investigation below decks showed that none of the ribs or beams had been broken or warped, no planks started, no seams opened, and no damage done to the keel.

The pumps sucked as soon as they were tired, showing that there was no unusual amount of water in the hold, and that there was no danger to be threatened from that quarter.

The Seagull had been simply lifted into a cradle of ice, but in that condition she was as useless as though she had sunk in five hundred fathoms of water.

They were caught fast in the floe, and imprisoned in the sea of ice.

With the prospect of a long and cheerless winter before them, the necessity of lying idle when they might otherwise

be at work, with the danger of shipwreck awaiting them when the ice should finally break up, it may well be imagined that the feelings of Cap'n Sam and his crew were none of the pleasantest.

Pretty Jessie Carter did much to cheer up young George Underhill, for she told him naively that now he would have more time to attend to her, as there would be much less work than formerly, and they might spend any number of happy hours reading, singing and conversing with one another.

"Well, it ain't so bad, seein' as we took the last big feller," said Cap'n Sam, in a philosophic tone. "He'll make a good hundred an' fifty ba'ls an' 'bout forty hundred o' bone, an' that ain't so bad, wi' what we are already got. I kin 'ford to lie idle all winter wi' such a cargo aboard."

"But my chances for returning and fulfilling my destiny by going on the stage, for which the elder Booth said I was so well adapted," lamented Jack Spratt, "are still delayed and made vague and unreal. Did you ever hear me recite Hamlet's soliloquy, George?"

"No, and I'd rather see Ham let alone at present."

"Aha, a pun, the lowest form of wit. Let me recite Mark Anthony:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Lend me your ears."

"No, thank you," interrupted George, with a grin. "I need them myself just at present. Anyhow, yours are good enough, and would grace any donkey, regarding size, that I ever saw."

Now that they were doomed to remain in the ice for several months, the best thing that they could do was to make the bark as comfortable as possible, draw up some plan of action for the health, comfort and amusement of the crew, provide themselves with proper clothing, food and other et-ceteras, and in fact, take every precaution for defending themselves against cold, hunger, disease and ennui, the most formidable foes that men placed in such a position as theirs can have.

On the second day after the accident there was a heavy fall of snow, lasting steadily for thirty-six hours, but when it had ceased all hands built a solid wall of snow all around the vessel, from the level of the ice to a height of six feet above the rail, having an arched opening on each side from which they could go out upon the ice, for Captain Sam had laid it down as an inviolable rule that the men were to take two hour's exercise upon the ice every day, unless the weather was too inclement to permit it, in which case it could be taken on deck, or below, according to the weather.

The wall of snow kept off the wind and made the hold much warmer, and rendered the decks a pleasant promenade, when it would have been extremely disagreeable to walk on the ice on account of the fierce wind, which at times cut with the keenness of a knife.

A week passed in comparative comfort when one day Cap'n Sam, Mr. Hook, George, Jack Spratt, Jinkins, Williams, the cabin boy, and one or two of the others started off across the ice to look for bears and other animals, tracks having been seen in the light snow near the vessel that morning.

The party were armed with guns, harpoons, axes and pikes, and all were as warmly dressed as possible, being clad in fur boots, trousers, and coats, with hoods to draw over their heads and thick mittens to protect their hands.

They kept together for some distance, the flag flying from the crow's nest, showing them the position of the ship, but at last they separated, George and Cap'n Sam following the tracks of a bear, which they had suddenly seen in the snow.

"Reckon he's a big feller, George, from the size of his feet. Is your gun all right?"

The young fellow replied that it was, and then they continued following the tracks, which, after some time, led across a large, level field of ice beyond the bergs and bordering upon the pack ice, as near as they could judge.

Suddenly they spied the bear.

Grasping his weapon more firmly, George broke out upon a run, so as to intercept the animal, which appeared to be making for a cluster of covered rocks or hillocks, among which he might have a cave, where he would be able to baffle the young man's attacks.

As George cut off his retreat, the animal stood on his

hind feet and uttered a fierce yell, at the same time advancing with rapid strides.

There was another sound heard at the same time, though George was too busy to attend to it or give it more than a passing thought.

It was like the report of a cannon, and when it occurred the level ice might have been seen to heave in many places and appear to move as well, while several thin jets of water were thrown in the air, the spray freezing as it fell.

George knew that after his first shot he would have no time to reload, and that, therefore, that one must be effective, or his own life would pay the penalty of his carelessness.

On came the bear, George remaining firm and immovable, the piece half raised, and his eye fixed steadily on his four-footed antagonist.

Suddenly there came that dreadful sound again, and this time George felt the ice tremble beneath his feet.

There was no time to retreat now, for the bear was almost upon him.

Again there came that strange report, and George heard the captain's voice in tones of awful warning.

On came the bear, and the young man, throwing the weapon to his shoulder, took quick but careful aim and fired.

The ball penetrated just below the foreshoulder, reached the heart, and stretched the huge animal dead at our hero's feet just as it was about to spring upon him.

"Never mind the bear, George!" screamed the skipper, "the ice is breaking up."

Another report, followed by half a dozen in quick succession, now ensued—the ice rocked and tossed like a ship in distress; huge jets of water spurted up in all directions, and George was thrown down by the violence of the shocks.

When he arose a terrible change had taken place.

A sudden change of wind, the tide, the increased pressure of the ice pack, or some other cause, had disrupted the field which had been lately so unbroken a level, and it was now a mass of floating cakes of various sizes.

The larger masses grinding against the smaller, reduced them to powder; the swiftly running current drove others under the floe, and before long a wide stream separated the youth from his companions, while beyond could be seen a wide expanse of open water, whither he was rapidly drifting, and where they could bring no help.

The vessel was far away, still fast in the ice. The shore ice was likely to break up still more, and so put it further out of the power of his friends to aid him.

The carcass of the bear lay upon the ice with his gun beside it, but both were unheeded now.

His friends ran along the edge of the firm ice, looking for some spot where there might be a temporary ice bridge on which he might cross, but finding none.

Falling upon one knee, the poor fellow extends his hand in supplication, and calls upon his friends to save him.

Alas! they cannot, and even now the ice upon which they stand is beginning to tremble, and they are forced to fly precipitately, lest they, too, should share his fate.

He kneels upon the ice, and raising both hands, looks up into the pitiless sky in silent entreaty, and thus they behold him as he is borne rapidly out upon the tossing waves, and the heavy mists come down, shutting him from their sight.

CHAPTER IV.

A HOME AT LAST.

Away, and away, borne by the ice-laden current, our hero was swept out far upon the ocean, far from the sight of his friends upon the brink.

Whether his prayer would be answered, He to whom it was addressed alone could tell, but certain it was that the poor fellow seemed beyond all earthly help.

The night was coming on, and as the cake of ice drifted beyond the reach of the vision of Cap'n Sam and his mates, George sat down upon the carcass of the bear and thought long and earnestly upon his situation.

The light had faded, but there would be a moon later on, and even now the intense whiteness of everything about him gave him a sort of reflected light which enabled the young fellow to see better than he might otherwise have done.

He could easily distinguish objects near at hand, and he saw that there were no larger cakes or any bergs in the

way, and that there was, therefore, no immediate danger of the cake running into any other, thereby endangering his safety.

He was warmly clad, but having no chance of exercising himself and keeping up his circulation, there was danger that he would finally succumb to the cold unless he took some means to induce extra warmth.

One idea frequently suggests another, and this brought to George's mind the bear upon which he had been sitting so long.

Kneeling by its side, he took out his sheath knife, which had been ground to a fine edge, and proceeded to remove the hide, which he intended to use as extra covering.

He could not perform the job as nicely as he would have liked, as the carcass was already cold, and except where he had been sitting, was frozen hard.

By dint of perseverance and plenty of good work, however, he at last succeeded in removing the skin, and, holding it up at arm's length, he saw that it would more than cover him, and would most effectually keep out the cold night air.

Wrapping himself up securely in the great skin, with the hairy side toward him, he lay down upon the ice, curled up comfortably, and was presently fast asleep.

Some time during the night he was awakened by a rude shock and, hurriedly arising, found that he had struck against a larger cake, but had rebounded, and was now floating along in a sort of a channel between two immense floes, which stretched away as far as he could see.

"If I could only get over to this solid ice, I might possibly reach the bark again," he thought, "as I know the general direction I ought to take."

He was not near enough to jump, and he did not care to swim, preferring to wait a little longer and trust to his chances.

Now and then he would bump into a cake or small berg, but always swung off again before he could tell whether it would be advantageous to leave his cake and go to another, or whether by so doing he could reach the field of ice.

Once or twice he might have done this, had he been a little quicker, and he therefore determined to keep awake and watch his chances.

At last, however, the lead seemed to grow freer of floating ice, and, being drowsy, he again rolled himself up and dropped off into a doze, which was not disturbed for many hours.

At last he aroused himself and found that the day had well advanced, and he was still afloat, and furthermore, that there was no chance of reaching the firm ice for some time to come.

The lead was not straight, often taking a sharp turn and sweeping around the field ice in a great bend, the cake keeping in midstream, and so preventing his landing.

He spent another night on the ice, but on the next day he ran into a floe and landed, taking with him the bearskin and several pounds of bear meat which he had cut off with his knife.

He managed, by cutting well into the carcass, to get some of the flesh that was not frozen as hard as the rest, and this he ate, finding that, raw as it was, it greatly strengthened him.

Throwing his gun over his shoulder, and fastening the skin and flesh of the bear upon his back, he trudged wearily on for several hours in the direction which he guessed the vessel lay.

An immense berg in front of him served as a guide, and keeping this in sight, he pushed on until at last he reached the base.

He had been long attracted by the strange appearance at the top, and now he saw what caused it.

A ship, caught in the ice, had been lifted bodily by the forcing of the floe pieces, one under the other, and, by the constant expansion and crowding in of the ice, had been carried up by degrees to a height of more than two hundred feet, being plainly visible for a long distance.

Its shape was clearly discernible, and one of its masts, now sheathed in ice and standing like a gaunt finger pointing to the zenith, still remained.

The sides were white and glistening, though the shape was clearly outlined, so that it was perfectly evident to George that it was a ship he saw, and not the fantastic creation of the frost king.

Where there was a ship there might be shelter, and

George determined to make his way up the face of the berg and explore this gloomy relic of bygone days.

The berg was not sheer, but was cut here and there by winding paths, projecting ledges and deep recesses, so that one might, by persistent effort, succeed in reaching the top.

Slinging his gun across his shoulder, George began the ascent, clinging to every point that afforded any hold for hands or feet, and gradually working his way to the top.

Occasionally he would slip, or some point of ice upon which he depended would break under his weight and put him back.

Once, when more than halfway up, he lost his hold and fell a distance of thirty feet, bruising himself severely, but unfortunately breaking no bones.

He met with many mishaps, and often had to make his way along a narrow ledge for several yards in order to get around some sheer perpendicular mass that barred his upward progress.

The higher he went the colder it was, although, as he was on the sheltered side, it was not as bad as it would have been had he taken the exposed side.

Up and up, wearily but patiently, he made his way, until at last, dragging himself up by the ice covered chains, he reached the rail and let himself upon deck.

It was covered with snow and ice so deeply that none of the planks were visible, and this was the case with the mast, rail, bowsprit and house on deck.

There was a high poop aft, and here were the doors leading to the cabin all sealed with the icy hard that had imprisoned the ship here and laid its imprint upon all things.

Great icicles depended from the great overhanging deck, and one of these had forced open one of the doors and completely barred the passage leading below.

The outer door seemed ready to fall, and throwing himself against it, George burst it in, and found himself sliding down the steps leading to the officers' rooms.

Reaching these, he found a number of skeletons, dry and crumbling of dust, lying upon the floor in one corner, while the general look of decay that pervaded the whole ship told him that it was many years since the vessel had been imprisoned here.

On the beam running across the main cabin were cut deep into the wood these words:

"Ship Ice King, 1760."

"That's more than a hundred years," muttered George. "I wonder how long since she has been up here?"

In a smaller cabin, where there were more skeletons—or rather the dust of them, for they had long crumbled out of shape—upon the sideboard of one of the bunks some one had cut with a knife, in quaint, old-fashioned characters:

"Timothy Goldsmith, 2d mate of ye shippe Ice King; sayled f'm London, March ye 19th, 1769. Caught in ice November ye 27th, 1781."

"Nearly a hundred years ago," said George. "I knew she was an old timer by her build. Well, she'll afford me shelter, I think, and now let's see what I can do for a fire."

There was an old rusty stove of very antique pattern set up in the main room, and George now broke up some of the doors, pulled off the sides of one or two bunks, broke them over his knee into good-sized pieces, and piled these into the stove.

Then with his knife he cut up a lot of splinters and shavings, and placed them under the large pieces, setting the whole on fire with a match—for he was provided with several cards of these very useful articles, and soon had a merry blaze going.

The fire roared and snapped and crackled, and by degrees the cabin became much warmer, although had there been a thermometer there it would have been seen that a pretty good degree of cold still prevailed.

It was warm by comparison, however, and being sheltered, was quite a welcome spot, George piling on more wood as the sticks burned down and formed a glowing mass of coals in the bottom of the stove.

After having warmed himself thoroughly, and filled the stove up with wood, in order that the fire might not go out, George loaded his gun and went out upon the deck to look around.

Three or four large birds of a variety unknown to him were flying overhead, and, raising his gun, he brought one down, the others taking alarm at the explosion, and sweep-

ing away on their broad pinions, uttered harsh cries. George plucked and dressed the fowl, roasting it upon the hot coals; and found it very good eating, although a trifle fishy in taste.

Then, after reloading, he proceeded outside, resolving to go down to the level and bring up the bearskin, for, as he knew he must live in the old ship for some time, he determined to make his quarters as pleasant as possible.

CHAPTER V.

HOW GEORGE FARED.

As he went down the side of the berg George cut broad steps in the ice wherever he could do so with his knife, so that the ascent would be easier, and resolved to throw ashes, or some other rubbish upon them to give him a better foothold.

As fur boots were better for walking than leather ones, he resolved to cover the soles of his with bearskin, but for the present he must do as well as possible, and not slip any more than he could help.

Reaching the base of the berg, he found a lot of white foxes tearing away at the bundle of bear flesh he had left, and pulling the skin to pieces with their sharp teeth.

He raised his gun and fired, and so close together were the little creatures that he brought down two of them at one shot.

The others scampered away but soon returned, having, evidently, no intention of being cheated out of their dinner.

By this time George had reloaded, and as the foxes came up he killed another, and then dashing right among them, he clubbed his gun, and dealt hearty blows right and left, laming three or four and killing as many in addition.

The pack dashed away again, and George killed those that had been stunned or that could not get away, reloading after this, so as to be ready in case the animals returned.

They had evidently tired of this sort of reception, however, and kept their distance, watching the young man curiously, and occasionally giving vent to a sharp yelp, not unlike the bark of a dog.

George immediately set to work skinning the foxes and cutting off portions of the flesh as would be best to eat, making these up into one bundle, and the skins into another.

Then he went up to the ship and spent the next day in dressing the skins, scraping off all the fat and bits of flesh, and rubbing them well with wood ashes from the stove.

The cabin had now become quite warm, and in order to keep it so he nailed strips of skin all around the edge of the door so as to keep out the cold draughts.

We might better have said that he pinned up his strips, for, of course, he had no nails or hammer, but he did have his knife, and he could make wooden pins, which he drove into the crack with the butt of his gun, thus securely fastening the strips which he had cut from the skins.

The skin of the bear had been ruined, and was good for nothing but this work, and George laughed as he sat on the edge of a bunk cutting one of the fox skins into suitable pieces wherewith to make a pair of boots.

"The little beggars would tear up my fine bearskin, would they? Well, I will make them pay for it with their own. See if I don't!"

The next day it snowed, and after that George could go down much easier than he could before, the snow covering the slippery steps and the new shoes he made to go over his boots assisting him likewise.

The shoes had been sewn together with thin pieces of hide well twisted, and although they may not have been as elegant looking as a pair of city boots, they answered every purpose.

George determined to search the hold of the old ship later on, but at present he was too busy in making himself comfortable to think of anything else.

The foxes supplied him with food, with material for new clothes, with warm covering for his bed, and with plenty of occupation as well.

He did not care to use all his ammunition on them, and they had grown too wary to allow him to approach near enough to knock them on the head with his gun.

He therefore made traps for them, digging holes in the ice and putting a piece of meat at the further end, so that when the animal seized it and tried to draw it out he pulled a big block of ice down upon himself, which, if it did not

immediately kill him, held him fast until the young hunter came along and finished the job.

There was plenty of wood in the cabin for him to burn, but much of it was too stout for him to break, and he was obliged to leave it and take away the frailer portions.

The fat of the foxes was valuable as fuel, however, and finding an old earthen dish in the cupboard where the steward had evidently kept his utensils, he used this for boiling out the better portions, throwing the refuse into the fire.

There was no way of letting the smoke out, but once a day he opened the doors and aired the cabin thoroughly, a few minutes, with the wind blowing freely, serving to make the place as sweet and pure as one could wish.

From time to time he saw many of the birds he had seen on the first day aboard the Ice King, but as the flesh of the fox was better eating, he did not care to waste his powder and ball upon the birds, and perhaps run the chance of missing.

During his spare moments he made a complete suit of fox-skin, boots, breeches, coat, hood and mittens, so that when his present clothes gave out he would have others, or could have a change in case he got his others wet.

They were sewn with sinew, by means of a marline spike, which he made with his knife, the holes for the cord being pierced by the point of the same useful weapon, though afterward he drew out several nails from the woodwork and beat them to a fine sharp point with the stock of his gun.

These served as needles and were afterward improved when George came across a portable forge in the hold, together with blacksmith's implements, a most welcome addition to his stock.

Little by little he had so improved the descent from the ship that he had a fine winding stairway, the steps being broad and level, enabling him to go up and down with great rapidity, and with very little danger of slipping or falling.

This gave him a decided advantage over his former condition, for, one day, seeing a couple of bear cubs playing at the foot of the berg, he seized his weapon and hurried down before the old bears came up.

Whipping out his knife, he fell upon the cubs and despatched them both in a twinkling, right in sight of their irate dam, who, with a terrible roar, now came hurrying forward, followed by her mate.

George concluded not to try conclusions with the two big brutes, one being quite sufficient, and so, slinging the body of one of the cubs over his shoulder—and it was no mean weight, either—he hurried up the steps.

The mother bear smelt of the body of her cub, and then, with a hoarse growl, started in pursuit of the despoiler who had carried off the other one.

George went up a dozen steps and then paused to rest and look back, the weight upon his shoulder being too great to allow of a very rapid ascent.

To his horror, the bear was coming up the steps in his wake and at no mean gait.

He at once resumed his march and put a dozen steps more behind him before he again paused.

The bear was still in pursuit and had gained on him, the steps being made low purposely to assist the young fellow's going up and down, and therefore affording his four-footed foe the same assistance.

Up went George and up went the bear, but when the former had covered two-thirds of the required distance, he saw plainly that he could not make the coveted shelter of the ship before the bear would overtake him.

Dropping the body of the cub upon one of the steps, he quickly unslung his gun, looked to the priming, cocked it, and kneeling by the body of the dead cub, prepared for the struggle.

"I must not waste a single shot or I am lost," he thought, and then, as the female bear came nearer, her jaws foaming and her eyes inflamed with rage, he took careful aim, and when the dam was within two paces, fired, aiming straight for the heart.

The report sounded like a thunderclap in these silent solitudes, there was a cloud of smoke, a roar, a heavy fall, a few groans, and then all was still.

When the smoke cleared away the bear was seen stretched out on the ice several steps below, where she had rolled in the death agony.

There was no sign of life remaining, but our hero concluded to save what he had already taken before venturing

to acquire more, and, therefore, without taking time to reload, he picked up the body of the cub and made his way to the ship.

"There's supper and grub for many days, and a warm jacket in the bargain," he muttered, as he threw down the body, took out his knife, and began the operation of removing the skin and cutting off some of the juiciest portions of the carcass to roast over the fire.

This having been accomplished, he took the hide and meat into the cabin, leaving the remainder of the carcass lying upon deck.

After cooking a juicy steak and eating it with great relish, George bethought him of the body of the female bear, and at once hurried down to procure it.

When he reached it he found that it was too heavy to lift, and then he discovered that he had carelessly left his knife in the cabin, instead of placing it in his belt, as he had supposed.

If he could not remove the old bear, he could at least fetch up the other cub, and, seeing nothing of the male, he hurried down, threw the cub on his back, holding on by the hind legs, and retraced his steps.

He had reached the place where he had left the dead bear, and concluded to go up on the ship and return with his knife, but he had scarcely taken half a dozen steps before he heard a roar, and saw, right before him, coming around the narrow path leading off from the main ascent, the father of the dead cubs.

In some manner the creature had passed him unseen, had, perhaps, been on the little path when he went down, and here he was now, disputing his way with the one who had slain his mate and cubs.

A thrill of horror shot through the young man's frame as he realized his awful peril.

He had left both knife and gun in the cabin, and now he stood face to face with an angry bear without the means of defending himself.

He could not reach the ship, and if he remained on the berg the bear could easily keep him there, perhaps to perish with the cold.

Truly, his situation was more desperate than any he had yet been in.

CHAPTER VI.

TO THE RESCUE.

It was a sad party that returned to the Seagull that evening, and there was more than one heavy heart when their sad news was told.

Tom, the cabin boy, who was among those who had seen poor George borne away beyond their reach upon the hungry ocean, was more affected than any one, and although he managed to restrain his tears during the return to the vessel, he could do so no more when he had entered the cabin and saw the captain's daughter with such a sweet smile upon her face, waiting to receive the one she loved so well.

The boy burst out into a fit of crying and sobbing so violent that it seemed as if his heart would break, and Jessie was really alarmed for him, as he had always been a happy little fellow, and had never been known to give way to such an exhibition of emotion as at the present.

"What's the matter, Tom?" she asked, putting one arm around his neck and pushing back his fur hood.

But Tom sobbed so bitterly that utterance was impossible, his pent-up sorrows getting the better of the poor lad, and Jessie did her best to soothe him, knowing that something unusual must have happened to affect the boy so strongly.

She thought first of her father, but she knew at once that Tom would never be moved in such a manner at anything that might have happened to Cap'n Sam, and then her thoughts flew at once to George, of whom she knew the boy was passionately fond.

"Has anything happened to George?" she asked, while a sudden pallor overspread her cheeks.

At this question Tom's sobs broke out afresh, but he nodded his head and tried to speak and to calm himself.

"Is he badly hurt?"

Tom shook his head, wiped his streaming eyes, and then with a manly effort to remain calm, although the recital

was wringing his very heart-strings, told the sad story of how George had been carried out to sea upon a cake of ice, and just as he had finished Cap'n Sam entered and confirmed the mournful news.

There was clearly nothing to be done for the present, however sad his friends might feel at the young fellow's loss, for the night was coming on, the sun having already disappeared below the horizon, and George had already drifted out of sight when the party had returned to the vessel.

They had followed as far as they could, and as the open water had cut off their progress so that the only chance of their finding him eventually lay in the possibility of the pack closing in again, and giving them a road upon which to travel.

Even then the poor fellow, if ultimately found, might be dead, for he was without shelter or food, drifting out to sea upon a cake of ice which, if it did not go to pieces, might ultimately prove to be his bier, and carry his dead body far up into the unknown regions of the icy North, never to be recovered.

In the morning Cap'n Sam, Jack Spratt, Jenkins, Williams, Mr. Howser, and the shipkeeper, six men in all, set out to search for their missing comrade, carrying food sufficient to last three or four days, besides arms, ammunition and extra clothing for all hands.

They took a small compass with them so as to be able to find their way back, a small, but powerful telescope, a portable spirit lamp, which could be packed into the smallest compass and carried in the pocket, and one or two extra blankets strapped upon their shoulders.

Descending from the vessel to the ice field, they took the direction in which they had last seen George disappear, and found upon reaching the open water that the ice had closed in to such an extent that they would be able to continue their march for some miles.

Straight on they went along the water's edge, keeping a sharp lookout for flaws, rotten ice or hideous abysses, and up till noon had met with no obstacle to their progress or adventure of any kind.

The air, although cold, was still, and they were therefore able to endure it, when, had the wind been blowing, they would have suffered greatly, even at a much higher temperature.

Reaching a berg of medium size which had become attached to the floe and was at rest, they halted on the lee-side, where the sun shone with considerable vigor, and provided a frugal meal, each man taking a few drops of brandy in the hot tea which the shipkeeper prepared over the lamp.

Then Cap'n Sam and the second mate made their way to the top of the berg, and swept the horizon with the glass in the hope of discovering some vessel in the distance which George might have reached, or perhaps finding some trace of the young man himself.

Behind them, at some distance, they beheld their own vessel, the flag flying from the masthead to attract attention, but, look as they would, could see nothing which they could by any possibility call a ship.

Far away to the north, so as to be hardly distinguishable they could see a high berg which, after scanning it attentively for a few minutes, they pronounced to be at rest, but this was all.

The water was still open, and perhaps the cake which had borne George from their sight had grounded somewhere, and with the hope of at least finding his body, they pressed on until night, pausing an hour for supper, and then pressing on by the light of the moon.

On and on until midnight they continued their march, the light being sufficient to show them the object of their search, had he been in sight.

Then they formed a camp under a snow bank in the lee of a great mass of ice, and slept comfortably until morning.

During the forenoon they came across a pair of polar bears, and at once began the attack, the animals fighting fiercely, but being at last overpowered by force of numbers.

The flesh of the brutes furnished them with a hearty supper, the best they had had since leaving the vessel, and the skins, stretched upon harpoons driven in the ice, formed an excellent shelter from the wind.

"Poor George wishes he hadn't come into these terrible regions as much as I do, I reckon," said Jack Spratt, as he and his companions lay upon their blankets sheltered from

the wind. Cap'n Sam and Mr. Hawser having gone off by themselves to explore the immediate vicinity of the camp.

"And I needn't have come out here, either, if I had followed the advice of the great tragedian, Booth," continued Jack. "As the immortal William says, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' and so forth, but I didn't follow his advice, and here I am, worse off than a party of barnstormers who haven't money enough to reach the next town."

"If I'd have only stuck to the stage now, what fine acting you would have seen. I tell you, sirs, there is the fire of genius within my bosom, only waiting to be kindled into an inextinguishable flame, which will roar and crack and burst its bonds, and one day make me famous. Yes, sir, I have fire within me that——"

"Save it," said Jinkins, puffing his pipe. "It is going to be a cold winter."

"Aha, if you could only hear me deliver those stirring lines of the immortal poet once, you would feel that I have missed my vocation. I may not be a Macready or a Roscius, but I tell you, sirs, that at the present day I would have few equals and no superiors, if I had only stuck to the boards."

"You can stick to the boards now," returned the irreverent Jinkins. "Just tar the lower hold of your trousers, and set on deck for ten minutes. If you don't stick to the boards then, I am a land shark."

"Aha, miscreant, I mean the stage! Stop—let me repeat those soul-inspiring lines, which Anthony spoke:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Lend me your ears,
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones.
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave——"

When he reached this point, the furthest he had ever got in his oration, Jack Spratt was suddenly interrupted by a shout from outside.

All hands leaped up, and in a moment Cap'n Sam came in and said, excitedly:

"Hawser and I has found a party of natives over the hill, an' they say they saw George floating down stream on a cake o' ice last night."

"Hurrah!" cried the men.

"An' they've got dogs and sledges, an' they'll go with us as far's we want to go. What d'you say, shall we continue the search for the boy?"

"Yes, yes!" cried all hands.

"Then that's settled, an' as soon as we can get ready, off we go to find George, an' fetch him back, dead or alive."

"He must be alive," said Hawser. "There was the bear he had killed. That would give him food enough."

"So it would. I never thought of that. B'jinks, we may fetch him back alive after all. Now then, boys, let's go over to the natives, and then good luck to the search!"

CHAPTER VII.

TOM'S NEWS.

The Esquimau village was about two miles away, and thither the entire party now traveled, all anxious to be on the move and rescue their companion, if there was any chance of doing so.

There was considerable of the daylight left by the time they reached the village, and as the dogs and sledges were all ready, they lost no time in getting away.

There would be a moon later on, and this would give them a chance to continue their journey for many hours.

There were three sledges, each drawn by from eight to a dozen dogs, and in these the captain and his party disposed themselves with one Esquimau to every two whites.

They skirted the floe, keeping close to the water, until they came to where the ice had packed in so closely that, they could cross over, there being a sort of temporary bridge thrown over at this point.

Having accomplished this much, they rested for the night, having picketed the dogs in a snowbank, and encamped themselves in the sledges under the robes, where they slept as comfortably as they could have done were they on the bark.

"Think of my stamping around the country in this fashion," muttered Jack Spratt, to his companions. "Why, even the worst fly-by-night company that ever made the tour of the circuit had better accommodations than these—and then think of the fame. Ah, why didn't I become an actor?"

"That's the whole trouble. In me are lost to the stage a noble Romeo, a dashing Othello, a magnificent Shylock, and a glorious Mark Anthony. Ah, how I could have spoken those lines:

"Friends, Romans, et cetera,
Send me, and so forth.
I come to bury Caesar, and so on.
The evil that men do—hum, hum.
There was a Brutus once
Who would have brooked the eternal devil
To hold his seat in Rome.
Not that I loved Caesar less but that I loved Rome more.
What a falling off was there, my countrymen.
But Brutus says——"

"Oh, I say, Jack, let up!" cried Mr. Hawser. "You are all off the track, anyhow, and are no nearer Mark Anthony than we are to the North Pole. For heaven's sake, give us a rest occasionally."

Jack thereupon subsided, and nothing more was heard of him until morning, when all hands turned out, had breakfast, and set out once more upon their journey.

"There's that peak way off yonder," said Cap'n Sam. "Maybe he tried to reach it so as to get sight of the vessel. S'pose we go toward it?"

They did so, but had not proceeded far when a snowstorm set in, which obliged them to halt, as it was impossible to see their way more than a few yards ahead.

There was nothing to do but return, and this was done as soon as the cold weather moderated a bit, the village of the Eskimos being reached after a day's hard traveling.

Remaining here overnight, the party were supplied with food to last them until they reached the vessel, and then they set out, their spirits considerably less bright than when they started.

They could not induce the natives to accompany them, either by entreaties or bribes, and they were therefore obliged to return on foot, when the sledges would have reduced the time of the journey by one-half.

"Mighty strange," observed Cap'n Sam. "They wuz willin' enough to take us away, but nuthin' kin induce 'em to take us back to the ole bark. Durn me if I kin understand it. I know the natives hereabout isn't over and above obliging, but these fellows is, and then they isn't, and that's what gets me up a stump."

The ice had greatly changed in its appearance during their absence, the floes having closed in where there had been open water, and long, narrow lanes extending away on either side where the ice had been solid, so that it was only by knowing the direction which they must take that they could at all find their way.

They were all plodding along over the rough and broken ice, when there came that ominous sound which they all knew so well, and they all sprung from the spot in alarm.

Not all, for one man was left behind, and when Cap'n Sam looked back, and he saw that a new lane had opened in the floe, and that Jack Spratt, clinging to a jagged bit of ice, his legs half in the water, was floating along in midstream, at the imminent risk of losing his life.

The distance was too great for him to jump, and as several jets of water were now seen spurting up from the ice, and the sharp, pistol-like reports continued, no one knew at what moment the whole pack might break up and cast them into the icy flood.

Jack drew his legs up out of the water, and, sitting on the highest part of the mass of ice, which was neither a cake nor a berg, sang out:

"I say! This here is life on the ocean wave with a vengeance. Can't you fellers do nuthin' for me?"

They could only run along the edge of the ice, taking good care that nothing happened to themselves, and bidding him be of good cheer and hold on as long as he could.

Fortunately, the great mass of ice was urging him forward instead of away from his friends, and Jack was in hopes that the floe might unite again and give him a chance to rejoin his companions.

He watched his opportunity, and when two large pieces of the floe came in contact with his smaller one, he leaped off and took great, flying strides toward his friends, who were running along the edge for dear life, not knowing at what time they might be engulfed in the chilling waters.

There was still a lane of open water too wide to jump between him and the others; but he could see that further on it grew narrower, and he hurried himself forward in order to reach this point before the channel grew wider.

The floe swung in toward the mass of more solid ice; there was a grating and grinding; the water flew up in blinding jets, report followed report, huge blocks of ice had been thrown up as though they had been feathers, and the waters again divided, surging and roaring as though the end of all things had come.

Jack had reached the more solid ice by this time, and his friends seized him quickly and hurried him away, for he was so exhausted that he could not have gone another step without their assistance.

There was still danger from the moving ice, for an adverse wind had set in, and it was this that was causing all the trouble, and no one knew where it might end.

Fortunately, the bark was beyond its influence; for she lay in a little cove away from any main current, and the pack ice might sweep and surge within a hundred feet of her and never move her from her position.

The wind kept up all the afternoon, and the party was obliged to go considerably out of the way in order to avoid the great hummocks of ice which lay in their path and made the road almost impassable.

When night came on the wind died away, and before long the skipper announced that he could see a light swung from the topmast of the bark as a guide to her position.

An hour later they stepped aboard, and almost the first person they met was little Tom, the cabin boy, who appeared to have something on his mind.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked Cap'n Sam.

"Did you find George?"

"No, and I don't believe we ever will find him now, my boy."

"Something has happened, cap'n."

"Well—well, what is it? Let's have it, old fellow! Don't be frightened."

"Oh, sir, Jesse has——"

Cap'n Sam turned pale, caught Tom by the arm, and cried, eagerly:

"What? What's happened to her?"

"Been carried away!"

"Carried away! Who did it?"

"Eskimos."

"The dirty sneaks! I knowed suthin' was up!"

CHAPTER VIII.

WHITES OR ESQUIMAUX?

We left poor George in a terrible plight, and it is time we went back to see how he got out of it.

A huge polar bear, savage and hungry for blood, stood between him and the path to the old ship, and there could be no doubt that he would dispute the passage with all his native ferocity.

George was without knife or gun, having left both on board. He could not remain out long in the keen air without meeting his death, and to try to force his way forward was equally hazardous.

"There is no help for it," thought George. "I must go back, bear or no bear. If I remain out here I shall freeze to death."

Descending the path a bit, the bear remaining stationary. George tried the plan of getting around his four-footed friend, since there was no passing him on the direct road.

He saw no reason why he should not cut out a new path for himself, and he therefore began threading his way around carefully, so as to reach the ship above by another route, and thus outwit his hungry enemy.

The bear seemed to understand his tactics, for he advanced further up the path, and then went off to one side, where he would be directly in George's way as the latter came up.

"Oho! That's where you were hiding first, is it?" cried George, "and that's why I did not see you. Let me see if I can humbug you, after all."

Instead of climbing up, as he had begun to do, the young man continued to make his way along the same level until he had passed the point where the bear lay in wait for him.

Then he made his way from ledge to ledge until he was at least ten feet higher than his foe, and at a point further along the side path.

Bruin suddenly caught sight of him, and began making his way upward at an angle which would quickly intercept George in his rugged path.

The latter rested himself on a broad ledge, and as the bear approached sent the light snow flying with his feet, blinding and annoying his enemy considerably.

"I'll teach you to block my way, you great brute," and George picked up a bit of ice which he had laid bare by kicking away the snow, and hurled it with tremendous force straight at the creature's head.

It struck him fairly, but produced little effect, owing to the thickness of his skull, and merely caused him to wink and utter a growl.

A thought had suggested itself to the young hermit, however, and he now proceeded to act upon it.

He loosened various blocks of ice of various sizes by kicking at them with his feet, and now, as the bear came nearer and his danger increased in consequence, he hurled them one after another at the brute, making each shot tell.

Blinded and bruised by this most unpleasant shower, the enemy paused, and George seized the opportunity to make his way higher up the side of the berg, at the same time directing his aim toward the regular path, as he had no notion of running the risk of a fall by going out of it at that height.

For a few minutes he was shut out of sight of the bear by protecting ledges, and at last, by a tough scramble, one or two falls, and a prodigious leap, he succeeded in reaching the main path at a point considerably higher than where he had left it.

He hurried up at full speed, but upon turning a corner saw that the bear had also regained the path, and was now coming up at a speed faster than his own, his eyes shooting forth a look of hate, his jaws distended, while he uttered a roar that might well have startled a stouter heart than George's.

At any rate, he was ahead on the monster, and that was one great point gained, for let him once reach the side of the old ship, and he could put his angry foe at defiance.

How he wished for his gun at that moment—how he regretted leaving it behind at such a time!

Up he ran, hoping to distance the enemy, and taking the utmost care that he might not fall or slip backward.

Turning once, when near the top, he saw to his horror, that the bear was almost upon him.

Seizing hold of a large block of ice which formed part of the sort of guard rail he had built along the path, George exerted all his strength and forced it from its bed, just as the bear reached the step just below the one on which he now stood.

Throwing all his strength into the effort, he pushed the great block toward the bear, the loose ice under it being crushed to powder.

It slid down the incline, reached the edge of the ice-built step, plunged over, and fell right upon the growling and expectant foe, hurling him headlong down the slope and breaking his skull asunder, despite its thickness.

George did not stop to see the success of his maneuver, but hurried up the steps and into the cabin, where he procured his knife and gun, and thus being prepared for fight, descended to where he had left the bear cub that he had been bringing up when surprised by the male animal.

There was no occasion for a fight, as he soon discovered, the animal having been killed by the weight of the ice block which George had thrown over upon him.

To carry the flesh and hide of both of his victims to the ship, to repair the pathway and dig out another road from a point two-thirds up, to the top, and to dress and rub the hides, and stow the meat in a cool place, occupied the remainder of the day.

During the evening George boiled out a quantity of tallow, putting it as fast as it was refined into a deep dish, so that as it cooled it made a solid cake, to be used afterward as required.

He would want more light than that afforded by the fire in the nights to come, and he intended making a lot of candles, using the strips torn from his inside shirt for wicks, and the barrel of his gun for a mold.

The next day he took his gun to pieces, made his wicks, melted his tallow, and molded a fine lot of candles, big and round, and three feet long, each one being afterward cut with a knife into three equal lengths, so that when he had used up his present supply of tallow, he had close upon a hundred long, hard, firm, extra fine tallow candles, one of which would easily burn all night.

The blades of his jack knife helped him in putting his gun together again, being useful in fitting the little screws and rivets into place, and now the piece was well cleaned and oiled and much improved in condition.

It was not much of a job to draw the candles out of their improvised mold after the tallow was set, for a very little heat, after the barrel had been chilled to harden the tallow, served to loosen it sufficiently to allow it to be drawn out, hard and smooth and without a break.

Of course he spoiled a few before he got the hang of it, but after a little experience, the young candle-maker turned out his wares rapidly and in good shape.

"There," he muttered, surveying his work at night, "I have nearly a hundred candles, and I can make more whenever I choose. If the candles go out, I can light another at the fire, and if the fire goes out I can light it with a candle. I must not let both go out together, that's all."

The making of gloves, boots, jackets, fur caps and hoods next occupied the young hermit's time, and he worked away until he had used up all his material, and had clothing enough to last all winter, comfort being considered, however, rather than good looks, in its construction.

The consumption of the refuse fat of the various animals he had killed saved George considerable fuel, but there finally came a time when all the wood that he could conveniently cut with the tools at his command had been used up, and the question was now, how could he procure more?

There was enough, to be sure, but the difficulty was in cutting it, for he had no saws nor axes, and nothing but a knife to reduce the hard wood about him to the proper size for burning.

He hunted through the hold, candle in hand, and at last came upon an old, dilapidated tool chest, containing a few files, a long knife, and a number of leaden weights and some brass wheels, which had evidently been portions of an old clock, together with, what was most valuable to him, an old horn powder-flask, containing half a pound of coarse gunpowder.

By means of the portable forge already mentioned, and the files, he made the knife into a saw, and then making several molds from hardwood, he melted his lead and cast a number of bullets, being able to turn out quite a number to each mold before the latter burned out.

He had now an increased supply of powder and ball, a saw with which he could cut all the firewood he wanted, candles, clothing, food in abundance, with promise of more to come, now that he had the means of procuring it, besides a shelter which would last him as long as he would want to use it.

There might possibly be some old books in the hold, or the men's quarters, and though probably considerably out of date, might prove interesting reading, but if he did find them the young man would have to make them the sole companions of his solitary life.

So he thought, until one morning, when, coming on deck to take his customary exercise, George was much surprised on looking down to see on the plain below, at a little distance, but approaching the ship, a party of men, nearly a dozen in number.

"Whites or Esquimaux?" thought he. "It makes all the difference in the world which it is. I must be cautious and not disclose myself until I find out."

CHAPTER IX.

FRIGHTENING THE ENEMY AND FINDING A FRIEND.

Standing between the bulwarks of the old ship in such a manner as to get a full view of the party below, and still not

be seen by them, the young Crusoe of the icy North watched the newcomers, being as yet undecided as to whether they were whites or natives.

If they were whites, either his former comrades of the crew of some beleaguered vessel, all well and good, but if Esquimaux or Indians, there was considerable doubt as to the agreeable nature of the meeting.

This was particularly so as far as George was concerned.

The Innuits—their real name, the term Esquimaux being applied in derision by the Indians, their natural enemies—were proverbial thieves, and would steal everything in the ship and that itself, if they could carry it off, while the Indians, though as great thieves as the others, added a savage ferocity to their other bad qualities, and were known to treat all their enemies, white, brown, or yellow, with the most insatiate cruelty.

"It's being turned out of house and home and being left to starve and freeze on one hand," said George, "or to be tortured to death on the other."

In order to be prepared for action, George loaded and capped his weapon, having his ammunition handy in case he would be obliged to fire more than once, and then, standing guard as before, awaited the coming of the strangers.

Nearer and nearer they came, until at last, halting at the foot of the berg, some of the party were left behind, the others climbing up the steps toward the old ship.

This had evidently attracted their attention, and they were now about to examine it more closely.

As yet, George could not determine whether they were whites or natives, the distance being too great to enable him to distinguish their features, and their dress told him nothing.

If they proved to be natives, and he allowed them to reach the vessel, they would overhaul the vessel and eject him, for he must not bar the doors against them, not having the time to make them fast, and they, of course, seeing that the doors were open, would naturally want to explore the interior of the vessel.

Occasionally he would lose sight of them, and then they would come into view again, and although he heard the sound of their voices, he could not distinguish any of their words.

Almost devoured with anxiety, George awaited the moment when the men would be near enough to enable him to tell whether they were friends or enemies, and at last, as they turned the last angle of the winding path and appeared in front of him, all doubts were set at rest.

The men were Esquimaux, and there were seven of them in all, stout, heavy, rough-looking fellows, with whom it would be disagreeable, to say the least, to get into a quarrel.

Thinking that they had now gone quite far enough, George sprang upon the rail, revealing himself to the astonished gaze of the men below.

"Go back!" he cried, waving his hand threateningly, and raising his weapon. "Go back, or I shall fire."

The men stopped and began jabbering away among themselves excitedly, their talk being, of course, utterly incomprehensible to the man above.

They were evidently debating, however, whether they should advance or retreat.

They advanced a few paces, and the young fellow leaped to the deck, his head just showing above the rail, and pointed the gun at them, making signs that he would fire if they came any nearer.

Then a sudden thought entered his head, and he turned and called, as if bidding a number of his friends to come to his advance or not, and now and then they pointed at George and extending one finger, as if questioning whether there were others with him, or if he was alone.

Then he rapidly changed his position, appearing and disappearing at various points, so as to give one the impression that there were several men moving about the deck.

The natives paused, irresolute, and then moved to a point where the young man could not have them in range if he took it into his head to fire.

Determining to make the most of his time, George now hurried below and brought up three full suits that he had made from the bear and fox skins, as well as a number of long sticks.

Running one of the sticks up through the middle of one of the suits from the boots to the hood, he fixed two or three of them in this manner, and propping them against the rail, the heads appeared above and looked like men's heads.

Then he laid some round sticks which he hurriedly charred

in the fire to make them look like the barrels of muskets, upon the rail, as though the men were pointing their weapons at the enemy.

Taking the extra hoods and caps, he placed them along the rail, fastening them down with lumps of ice, and putting sticks beside them in the same manner as he had arranged the others.

To one coming up the steps, not in the secret, there would now be given the impression that there were seven or eight armed men behind the bulwarks of the ancient vessel ready to give a particularly warm reception to any invading force.

George had made all these preparations, and was now talking loudly, as if addressing his friends, and waited some little time, when the enemy again put in an appearance.

Springing upon the rail as the men came in sight, our young Crusoe waved them back, pointing to his own gun, and to the heads ranged along the line of the rail, intimating that if the men advanced he and his friends would fire upon them.

This caused them to hesitate, though they still seemed to think that they might venture to advance, making signs that they were friendly, that they meant the young man no harm, and that they only wished to warm themselves in his house and partake of food.

"Not much you won't," thought the young man. "You would like to discover that I was all alone, wouldn't you? I'd be without a place to lay my head if you did."

George gave a firm refusal by signs to their request, and pointed his weapon so threateningly at them that they retreated at once in great confusion.

He was positive that they would not return again until they had consulted with their friends, and this time he employed by strengthening his dummies so that they would not fall or blow over, and by fixing the door, so that if he were forced to retreat, he could keep them out better than at present.

He also took a quantity of powder, equal to about four charges, moistened it, and rolled it up in a round ball, with one side slightly drawn out like the top of a cone.

Not many minutes had elapsed after this before the whole force came rushing up the steps with loud cries, evidently dragging one of their number against his will.

George dashed into the cabin and out again in a jiffy, bringing a burning brand with him from the fire.

Dropping his ball of moistened powder upon the brand, it began to burn slowly, giving out many sparks and a cloud of white smoke, and then, when it was well under way, the ball of fire was hurled right among the startled Esquimaux, frightening them out of their wits and causing them to take precipitate flight.

The unwilling leader, or prisoner, whichever it might be, that they had been thrusting forward, was now suddenly left alone, and as George sprang upon the rail, uttering a loud shout, this person sprang up the steps and cried out, frantically:

"George, save me from these horrible brutes!"

The person was white and spoke good English.

Not only that, but it was a young girl who spoke, and none other than Jessie Carter, Cap'n Sam's beloved child.

After Captain Sam's departure in search of George Underhill, Mr. Hook was left in command until the party should return. Three days after the departure of Captain Sam, Jessie and Tom started off for a short tour of their surroundings. They suddenly came upon a party of native Esquimaux, who seized Jessie and made off with her, leaving Tom in an insensible condition. Tom was shortly after found and carried to the ship. When Captain Sam returned and found out the condition of things a search was made for Jessie, but they could not find the Esquimaux. Days passed, and suddenly a fire broke out among the oil casks which threatened the destruction of their home.

CHAPTER X.

A DREADFUL SURPRISE.

"Save me, George! Save me!"

These strange words greeted the ears of the young solitary as the Esquimaux dashed down the icy steps, fleeing for their lives.

The person whom they had been dragging up, suddenly released from their grasp, had darted up the steps, and now that startling cry rang out upon the silence.

There could be no mistake; the voice, the features were Jessie's, and the strange dress and her appearance there at such a time were all forgotten.

George sprang from step to step, seized the girl in his arms, and firing a shot after the Esquimaux, adding still more to their terror, he retraced his way to the old ship, saying in tones which expressed his great wonder:

"And can this be you, Jessie, here in this far-away, desolate spot? What could have brought you thither? Has Cap'n Sam been trying to find me?"

"Yes, George, dear, it is I, sure enough, and I am as much surprised at seeing you alive and well as you are at finding me among a lot of uncouth natives. What sort of place is this? Have you a home in an iceberg?"

"What does it look like?"

"Like a ship; but surely——"

"And so it is," and at this moment George reached the side, clambered up, lifted Jessie across, and took her at once into the cabin.

"This surpasses belief," she cried. "Tell me, how did you find it, and how did you escape death when carried away on the ice?"

"It is a long story, dearest, and I must first hear what brought you to me at such a time."

"I was carried away by Esquimaux. Little Tom and I were out walking at some distance from the vessel, when we were surprised. Tom fought like a tiger, but they were too many for him, and I am afraid the poor fellow was killed, for the last I saw of him he was lying on the ice unconscious."

"And was no attempt made to rescue you?"

"A party set out from the vessel, but the natives hurried me away at full speed and out of sight of my friends. Father was out in search of you with a part of the crew, and I suppose that he has learned of my disappearance before this. I have traveled with these people for many weeks, and although they have done me no harm they evidently meant that I should not escape from them."

"They have clothed me as they dress themselves, and only for my white face it would be impossible to distinguish me from the rest of the party."

"To-day they saw this iceberg, and the strange appearance of a ship on top, and determined to see what it was, first leaving me at the bottom in the charge of two of the party, but afterward dragging me up with them, evidently knowing that you would not fire upon one of your own race, and thus hoping to storm the fort."

"Your strange method of warfare terrified them, and they fled, and I was rescued, and now you must tell me your story, for I am dying to hear all about your strange adventures since I saw you last."

"First tell me if your father is anywhere in the neighborhood?"

"I have not seen him since he went in search of you. I do not believe he knows where I have been taken. I do not even know if he returned in safety from his search for you."

George then related his own experiences, and by that time it was dark outside, and both were hungry enough to eat anything.

George prepared supper, and after that they both sat in the warm, well-lighted cabin until a late hour, when our hero declared that he could not have his regular habits broken up, and that they must both go to bed if they ever expected to get up the next morning.

The young fellow fixed himself up a bed in one of the other rooms, giving his to Jessie, despite her protests; and, after seeing to the fires, and going above to determine whether everything was all right, he turned in at last, much later than he had done for some time.

It was a happy life the two young lovers lived in that ancient ship on top of its mound of ice, all alone, with no one within they knew not how many leagues, and day after day slipped by almost imperceptibly.

There was plenty to do, hunting, making useful things for the house, and preparing for the winter, and Jessie was of great assistance to the young Crusoe, besides being a companion, that which he had so longed for in his solitude.

"I don't care so much for books now," he said one day, "since I have you with me."

"But there are books, too, for I found some this very day in an old chest. They are very old, and some of them are in strange tongues, but there is one upon the art of making oneself beloved."

"Aha! Tell me what it is," cried George, with a laugh, "for I know that you understand it. Have you read the book?"

"Yes, and it is rubbish! The idea of putting down rules for loving and being loved! I'll wager that the writer was an old bachelor, and never had a sweetheart in his life!"

"Then he wasn't half as lucky as I am, who have no need of writing about the art of love," and George kissed his pretty sweetheart, and told her there was no need of poring over musty old books to find out something which she already knew by heart.

Thus they lived on, in almost perfect happiness, and day by day the sun sank nearer the horizon, until at last it disappeared altogether, and with its going came more intense cold, bitter winds, blinding storms of snow, and now and then the aurora lighting up the heavens with its brilliant torch and driving away the darkness.

It was fortunate that George had provided himself with extra fur clothing, for his suits fitted Jessie, with a little alteration, and there were no more bears or foxes, or other animals to furnish any more, supposing those had not been put by.

George went down to the plain occasionally, in order to keep his path clear, and sometimes Jessie went with him, although they usually took their daily walk along the deck, unless the weather was too blustering.

The Esquimaux were never seen after their routing, being evidently too much frightened to care to pay the old ship a second visit, and George and Jessie were therefore unmolested.

Weeks rolled away, and one night, as George came up to see the state of the weather before turning in, he noticed a strange light in the sky at a considerable distance.

It was not the aurora, for that shone in a different quarter, and this light had an appearance entirely unlike that.

Calling Jessie up on deck, he pointed out the light to her, and asked her what she thought it was.

It was a bright red, with a fringe of black all around the edge, and seemed to be in constant motion.

"It looks like a fire," said Jessie.

"I thought of that, but there are no volcanic peaks in these parts. If we were nearer Iceland or Nova Zembla we might say it was a volcano in action, though it does not look like that, either."

"No; it is a huge fire, that's what it is."

"But snow and ice don't burn, and there are no forests."

"It's a ship on fire!"

"You are right!" cried George, excitedly. "In that direction lies the old bark with our friends aboard. In some way it has taken fire, and that is what we see. It can be no other. There are no vessels up here, as we know. Driven from their only home by the flames to seek shelter in the sea of ice! My heaven! what a fearful fate!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LOSS OF THE SEAGULL.

Well had it been for Cap'n Sam and his mates if they had known the danger which threatened them.

They had extinguished the fire, as they thought.

They had taken all the precautions, as it seemed, and so retired, well satisfied that the trouble was over.

Had they known more they would not have rested until they had overhauled every foot of the hold, and been certain, beyond the remotest doubt, they were safe.

This they did not do, and so the fire smouldered and ate its way along from cask to cask and down into the very lowest part of the hold, where the dry wood and the accumulated rubbish of years found a tempting meal for its insatiable appetite.

It was not until two days had passed from the time of the first alarm that anybody went into the lower hold.

Then, when Cap'n Sam opened the door in the lower bulkhead, a cloud of steam burst upon him, driving him hurriedly back from the spot.

Hurrying back after the first retreat, he heard the crackling of flames, fanned into life by the current of air admitted by the opening of the door.

The flames, gaining ground by being undisturbed, had caused the snow to melt, and it was the steam thus produced that had first blinded him.

Then came a rush of dense, stifling smoke, and he was driven back a second time before he had time to close the door.

In stentorian tones he called all hands, and in a few moments Hook, Hawser, Adams, Jinkins, Williams, Tom and the rest came hurrying to the spot.

In that brief interval the flames had made terrible headway, and as Cap'n Sam now closed the door, they could see the fire spurting up in great jets from a dozen points.

As the door was closed and fastened, there came the sound of an explosion, and the vessel shook from stem to stern.

A case of oil had exploded, and the burning substance would be cast upon all sides.

In fact, as Cap'n Sam stood there with his hand upon the door, the wood became too hot for the touch, and he withdrew his hand.

"That hold is just a livin' mass of fire!" he muttered. "The decks'll blow up some time, an' there'll be trouble."

"But we were sure that we had put the fire out," said Hawser.

"So we was, but he couldn't 've. We'll have to batten this here door up tight so she won't bust, 'nd then do the next best thing—get to a safe spot before the hull thing goes."

"Can't we put it out from above by boring holes in the steerage deck and pouring water down?" suggested Mr. Hook.

"No, we'll only be addin' to the draft, an' ye can't put out burnin' oil by pourin' water on it. The oil'll float on top an' burn wuss. 'Sides, the steerage don't run only to the fore hatch, an' then the hold is open to the deck. The only thing to do is to smother it out, if we kin," the latter words being added in a tone that well indicated the serious nature of the situation.

The door was secured by nailing tarpaulin over all the crevices, and the same was done to the fore-castle partition, the latter being now too hot to allow the hands to be placed upon it.

Coolly and systematically, the men now went to work, the skipper remaining calm despite the danger.

The articles of most value, the clothing, sailcloth, blankets, tools and provisions, were now brought upon deck and stood in a pile on the quarter deck, all hands working with a will.

"We've got to have a house," said Cap'n Sam, and now the cabin was stripped of all its lighter timbers, the covering of the try-works, the rail and the galley being taken down and broken up into convenient lengths for handling.

The sails were unbent from the booms, and the latter unshipped and carried across decks to a point where the rail had been broken down and then rolled over upon the ice below.

No one thought of resting until morning, and it was well that they did not; for that the flames were raging below with increased violence could be told by the manner in which the snow on the decks, deep as it was, was melting.

Pausing only from sheer exhaustion and taking a hasty meal and a rest of an hour upon deck, for the cabin and fore-castle were stifling hot, Cap'n Sam now ordered everything they had saved thus far to be carried out upon the ice at a safe distance from the vessel.

The boats were lowered from the davits, placed upon rude rollers, and taken to the general depository—it being decided not to take them until all the rest had been placed in safety, some distance from the vessel.

Then, when all had been removed, exhausted nature refused to submit to further demands being put upon it, and Cap'n Sam wisely called a halt.

The men wrapped themselves in extra furs and lay down under the lee of the boats to sleep, all hands yielding to the influence, though Cap'n Sam tried hard to remain awake and keep watch.

For hours they slumbered, and then the skipper was awakened by a tremendous explosion, which seemed to shake the ice to its very foundation and cause several huge bergs at a distance to quake, as though about to fall.

A bright light shot up into the sky, and the skipper knew that the decks of the devoted bark had blown up, and that the fire would now have full scope to continue its work of destruction.

Tongues of flame fully fifty feet in height shot up into the air and glowing sparks fell upon the ice, even at that distance.

The masts and rigging were soon a sheet of flame, and all around for many a mile was as light as day, the heat from

the burning vessel being easily felt where they lay encamped.

"There ain't much danger now," muttered Cap'n Sam, "and I may as well let 'em sleep."

The masts burned fiercely for some time, and then fell with a frightful crash, the decks upheaving as they fell, while the flames now burst out at the sides and licked up all in their path.

It was a grand, an awful sight, and one to be admired, despite the knowledge that the unfortunate castaways were now without a home.

Even at the distance to which the party had removed—fully half a mile—the heat was considerable, and they all saw the wisdom in not remaining too near the doomed vessel.

The sky was all aglow with the reflection of the conflagration, and the snow was as red as blood from the same cause, the forms of the men being most weird and unearthly-looking in the light from the burning vessel.

For hours and hours the doomed bark burned, all the while growing brighter and brighter, and this it was, indeed, that attracted the attention of George Underhill, far away on his icy pinnacle, sorrowing for his unfortunate friends, who were thus deprived of the only home they might ever know.

CHAPTER XII.

TAKING TO THE BOATS.

Hour after hour, in the full glare of the burning vessel, Cap'n Sam and his companions watched the destruction of what had once been their home.

To the skipper it meant more than the loss of the vessel—it meant the loss of the earnings of the voyage—the loss of the savings of years, and a long struggle in the future.

Were his life spared, it might be many years ere he could have as much as the loss of the vessel and its cargo represented to him, and instead of retiring in a few years he might, after all, die poor, and leave the world no richer than when he had entered it.

He said little, however, for his heart had long been saddened by a greater blow—the loss of his pretty daughter and the young man whom he had hoped to some day call his son, and this last disaster, therefore, was but the finishing stroke to the destruction of all upon which he had set his hopes.

The burning oil ran in rivers over the ice, which cracked and snapped and fell in great masses where the seething streams attacked it, while, little by little, the charred and blackened hull sank deeper in its icy bed.

The sky was red and lurid, the air was thick with smoke, the surface of the ice was gorged and cut into deep ruts, and still the flames roared on, the sparks flew in showers all around, and the smoke drifted away in great clouds to the north.

The heat was grateful, as it did away with the necessity of fires, and when the worn-out crew had rested from their herculean labors and had regained their strength, they set about building a shelter which would do for their home until the breaking up of the ice in the spring.

Selecting a level place on the ice, packed by a group of hummocks which would do for the rear wall, the party now began the erection of a house or shelter in the shape of a tent, two upright beams being placed at a distance of ten feet from each other, with another on top, from which the sailcloth was stretched to within four feet of the ground where it was fastened to shorter posts, thence hanging straight, when it was secured by a spar and banked up with blocks of ice.

The same shape was followed at the rear, and then one side was completely closed up with sailcloth, and then banked to the top with ice, the cracks being filled with snow.

The other side had one doorway, made with two upright beams and a cross-piece, and covered over with sailcloth, protected by ice and snow, the door itself being taken from the cabin of the lost bark.

In front of the door a winding passage, three feet wide, arched above, and several yards in length, was built of snow and ice, thus avoiding direct draughts in going in or out.

The floor was made of boards, and these were also used as an inner wall to the height of five or six feet, which would be an additional protection from the cold, the beds being placed upon the floor around the walls, a fireplace made of

bricks, taken from the try-works of the bark, being placed in the center of the apartment.

Cap'n Sam had had the forethought to first remove the smaller stove from the cabin, and this, filled with waste bits of wood, charred pieces that had been scattered over the ice, and other refuse, gave forth a genial warmth.

The house was completed and occupied before the fire had gone out, but even before it died down completely, they were able to approach the wreck, and, with axes and crow-bars, save considerable from the flames, many large beams, charred on the outside but still sound within, being cut away and carried off by the enterprising wreckers.

For a long time, however, the keel and other heavy portions of the wreck continued to burn furiously, it being impossible to approach them on account of the clouds of steam which constantly arose from the melting snow and ice.

At last, however, the light went out, the ice fastened its fetters about the pitiful remains of what had once been a noble vessel, the darkness of the Arctic night once more set in, and all was as wild and dreary as before.

In their rude house, the boats drawn in safe from harm and ready to be used when the ice broke up, the provisions being carefully stored and plenty of warm clothing on hand, the little party now entered upon the second period of their winter life in these desolate wilds with lighter hearts and better spirits than any one would have supposed they could have possessed when all was so cheerless and forbidding.

"Oh, it's all very well for you fellows!" growled Jack Spratt, when his comrades sat around the fire smoking. "But I was born for something better to tread the boards of a theater, to see the smiling faces of delighted thousands and hear their shouts of applause as I portrayed the heroes of the romantic, legendary or classic drama, or of the plays of the great William.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Lend me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him;
The evil that men do lives after them.
Brutus is an honorable man.
Does this in Caesar seem——"

"How long has Julius Caesar been dead?" asked Jenkins, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"About two thousand years."

"Well, don't you think it is about time that you gave his old body a rest? I wouldn't go dragging it out so long after it's dead, every time you get a chance. Give us suthin' fresher."

"Yes," laughed little Tom. "You say you came to bury Julius Caesar. Then why in thunder don't you do it and have an end to him? Take him out and chuck him in the snowbank. He'll keep."

"You fellows don't appreciate real talent," growled Jack, "and it's only a waste of time to try to put any sense into your heads. It's my own fault that I am with you, anyhow, when I might have been——"

"Sweeping out the dust from a theater after a benefit night," said Tom. "There's always more peanut-shells, tobacco-quids, and old programmes than usual."

At this speech the disappointed tragedian made a melodramatic gesture and smoked his pipe in silence.

While the shelter was not as roomy as the vessel had been, its occupants were at least comfortable, and had only the breaking up of the ice to look forward to with some apprehension, though, of course, the loss of his only daughter preyed upon the old skipper's mind and gave him cause for regret.

There was nothing that they could hunt, and the men had little to do, but knowing how occupation keeps men from quarreling, Cap'n Sam made them all go through a regular drill on the ice for an hour or so every day, and once a week had an inspection, in which the clothes, general health of the party, weapons and utensils, provisions and supplies were examined, and if anything was not quite up to the mark, suggestions were made and means taken to remedy the fault, whatever it was.

In this way the men were kept busy, mind and body, which prevented discontent, disease and ennui, that worst of all evils.

So the long night passed away, a semi-twilight followed, lasting for a month or more, and at last the sun appeared, giving promise of returning spring, the breaking up of the ice, and their delivery from their long imprisonment.

Had the good old bark been still intact, there would have been great cause for rejoicing in all this, but now they knew they must trust entirely to the boats to reach an inhabitable land, and that there were many dangers before them.

At last the ice gave unmistakable signs of breaking up, and the boats were hauled out, loaded with the things that they would most need, and made ready for launching at a moment's notice.

This was not long in coming, for one morning a month after the sun had made its appearance, there were long lanes of water stretching away in every direction, and the ice on which the shelter stood seemed ready to float away at any moment.

It was taken down hurriedly, the last load was put into the boats, the latter were shoved into the water, the sails were spread, and away went our friends, leaving the place where they had lived so long without regret.

All day they kept on, avoiding the floating ice, but being driven, nevertheless, further from their right course than they fancied.

Night came on and they rested, the sky being so dark that they dared not continue their voyage, for fear of being swamped, the boats keeping as near to each other as was convenient.

In the middle of the night, however, Cap'n Sam was startled by a cry from Tom, who was in the boat with him, and at the next moment a great white mass, seen dimly through the veil of night, came hurrying down toward them.

It passed them in safety, but at the next moment an awful crash was heard, followed by shouts, shrieks and groans, succeeded in turn by the most solemn stillness.

"The other boat has been stove!" cried Tom, in terrified tones, "and it was a mercy that it did not happen to us."

CHAPTER XIII.

GEORGE ON HIS TRAVELS.

George and Jessie stood on the deck of the old ship for more than an hour watching the glow in the sky, which told them of the destruction of the old Seagull, neither of them uttering a sound.

At last they turned away and went below, retiring soon afterward, George being careful to leave the fire in such a shape that there might not be a repetition of the catastrophe they had so correctly guessed.

When George came out the next morning the red light was brighter than before, owing perhaps to the greater darkness, and perhaps to the fire having made greater headway during the night.

All day it continued to be visible, and once George fancied he saw a sudden red light shoot up into the air to a great height, while thousands of sparks fell like stars into the unseen regions below.

The next day it was noticed that black particles, like flakes of soot, were floating overhead, and occasionally lighting upon the white surface of the ice-covered deck and rail, and upon examining these, our hero declared them to be condensed smoke from burning oil, which proved to them, beyond a doubt, that the bark had been destroyed by fire.

The thought that the good old vessel was no more caused the young people much sorrow, for they now believed that they would never see their lost comrades again, and that there was no hope of rescue, and that they must live on here in the ancient ship, year after year, eking out a precarious existence until death came, at last, to release them from the bonds which the ice king put around and about them and which nothing else could break.

Gradually the light in the heavens died out, and then they felt that they were all alone, that their young lives must be forever passed in the sea of ice, and that all trace of them was now lost, and that they would continue to live on and on in their strange abode long after their names had been forgotten.

However, these gloomy thoughts wore off in time, and they went on with their various duties with cheerful hearts, feeling that all was for the best, although they might not see it, and so, being resigned to their fate, their lot was not so hard to bear as they feared.

The hold of the ship gave them plenty of time for explora-

tion, and many curious things were brought to light which they had not dreamed of finding.

There were old books, rarities even at the time of the sailing of the old ship, quaint old pictures, curiously fashioned beaded purses, containing bits of money, one or two ancient swords, and a flintlock pistol, some chests of tea, a cask or so of old wine, as red as blood, and with that fine, rich flavor which only age can impart to good wines, the sides of the casks being crusted an inch deep with sediment, leaving the liquor pure and strong, and of a clear, rich color, being besides an excellent preventive and cure of scurvy, which had already attacked George in a mild form.

There were tools of antique make, nautical instruments, sadly old-fashioned clasp knives covered with rust, pewter pots, cups, and plates which needed only a vigorous rubbing to make them as bright as ever, wooden bowls, horn-handled knives, and two-tined forks, and, in fact, almost such a collection as can be found in nearly every ancient attic, omitting, of course, the spinning wheels, quilting frames, and samplers of our great grandmothers.

There were garments, too, packed away in old wooden chests that neither moth nor decay had touched, and which, though not seeing the light for nearly one hundred years, had, in this cold storehouse, preserved both color and texture, and which, with but little alteration, would fit George out bravely for the summer season.

"Imagine me in the captain's clothes," the young fellow said, with a laugh, as he hung one particular suit before the first to air. "Swallow-tail, high collar, coat of blue, canary waistcoat of silk, embroidered with gold acorns, black velvet breeches with gold buttons, white silk hose with blue clocks and low pumps, gold buckles and all. I only want a cocked hat and a pig-tail, big sword and brass speaking trumpet to look like the ghost of old Vanderdecken, cast ashore at last in the sea of ice."

The curious old garments were put away carefully, and given an occasional airing, fur still being the favorite material for clothing, though, as the summer came on, a change might not be unwelcome.

The long night passed away, the sun appeared again, and in the far distance could be seen the glimmer of water, though all around their ship the ice still remained firm and undisturbed, although George saw plainly that they had been forced up several feet higher than when he first came upon the old wreck.

As the time went on, bears, foxes, ducks, sea-fowl, and other creatures reappeared, and one day, as George and Jessie were walking beside the water, fully five miles from the base of the berg, they saw several seals playing amid the ice-laden waves, and lying quietly upon floating cakes.

One day, too, more than a month after the reappearance of the sun, George, who had gone off alone a long distance from the ship, saw in the water, fully six miles away, a huge whale, which sent up two columns of vapor from its spout holes, and which now and then tossed about in the waves as free and undisturbed as though such things as whaling ships and harpoons had never been known.

George was mindful of the next winter, and whenever a chance afforded to take a seal or fox, or a lot of ducks, or even a bear, he always improved it, sparing his ammunition when other means were sufficient, so that by the middle of the short Arctic summer he had already laid in nearly enough meat to last all winter.

There was one thing, however, which he did not expect to see, the sight of which nearly turned his brain, until he realized that it was not a dream, but a thing of fact.

He had left Jessie alone in the ship, having decided to go to a greater distance than ever before, and being prepared to stay away one, or even two nights, if necessary, when, ascending a high, icy bluff overlooking the rushing waters, something in the distance suddenly burst upon his sight which caused him to utter a sudden shout and caper about in the maddest fashion.

It was a whale boat with spread sail, making toward the point on which he stood.

He tore off his fur jacket and waved it wildly in the air, he fired a shot from his gun, he shouted and danced and jumped about until one would have thought he was crazy, unless, indeed, they have at some time been in the same situation.

The boat came toward him, the sail was lowered and run up again, a shout came faintly across the water, and the poor fellow knew then for a certainty that he did not dream, that

the boat was real, that he would be taken away from this scene of desolation—both he and Jesise—and that at last their trials would be ended.

Then he suddenly thought of Cap'n Sam and his brave crew, lost in the sea of ice, and his heart misgave him for having been so happy when deliverance could never come to them, and he was saddened to think that it must be so, and that there is never a joy in life but what there is some pain mixed with it, and then he grew once more calm and watched the boat coming nearer and nearer, until at last he could distinguish the faces and features of those in it, when suddenly his heart gave a bound and he shouted long and loud, as he recognized, sitting in the stern, the man he had long supposed dead, Cap'n Sam himself!

CHAPTER XIV.

CAP'N SAM'S SURPRISE.

The floating berg had passed the first boat without doing it any damage, but the second had not fared as well, as Tom had said, that having been run down and demolished.

After the first startling cry no other sounds were heard, and as it was too dark to see anything, Cap'n Sam at length called out to know if any of the men had survived the shock.

There was no answer, but even then it was thought that some of the men might have floated away on the berg, and were now too far to reply or to hear Cap'n Sam's hail.

Again and again the call was repeated, but as there was no answer save the echo from the ice crags, the calls presently ceased and utter silence reigned over the icy deep.

One of the party remained on watch during the night, while the others slept, the lookout being changed every two hours, in order that he might not become drowsy, and so be unable to keep a sharp eye ahead.

Young Tom was excused from this duty, but the rest, the skipper included, stood watch until the morning when they were found to be floating through a narrow channel beset on all sides by icebergs and drifting cakes, a collision with which would prove their ruin.

There was nothing to be seen of any of their companions, but a little later in the day they came upon a grounded berg, on one side of which, amid the jagged and broken ice masses, were the fragments of an oar and the thwart of a boat, evidently all that remained to tell of the fate of their poor comrades.

The occupants of the second boat had been Mr. Hook, Lewis, the shipkeeper, Adam, the cook and four sailors, those saved and now in the remaining boat being Cap'n Sam, Mr. Hawser, Jack Spratt, little Tim and Jenkins, Smith and Jackson, sailors, in all seven souls out of all the crew of the Seagull.

How soon the survivors might meet a fate similar to that of their fellows was not to be told, and as they drifted on and on down the ice-laden channel, now warding off danger with an oar or boat-hook, their feelings were none of the best.

"Blow me if I ever go off on another sailing voyage north, south or otherwise," Tom heard Jack Spratt say in the course of the day. "There's too much danger in it, and there isn't such an awful sight of pay. I could make more money as a super at a second-class theater in New York than I could if I followed the seal all my life. Oh, Thalia, muse of the drama, why did I ever forsake you to go a-whaling?"

"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Lend me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not——"

"Ice ahead!" shouted Tim, and Jack brought his oration to an end, looked up suddenly, ran out a boat-hook to ward off a big cake that was floating dangerously near them, and then went on with his musings.

That night the boat was moored alongside the bank, as there was so much drifting ice that it was not considered safe to continue the voyage except in daylight.

In the morning it was found impossible to take any but a course east by north, and on the day following none but a due northern course was open to them, the current being so strong as to force them back whenever they endeavored to keep to the south.

The channel was not wide enough to allow them to do any tacking, and they were therefore forced against their will to take a direction directly opposite to that in which they wished to go.

"If we can only make a little landing, I won't mind," muttered Cap'n Sam, "provided we can get into the open air and finally get to the south, but this goin' north all the time goes agin me."

At night, when wind and tide, and everything else seemed against them, they moored alongside a grounded berg, or what seemed to be such, and composed themselves to sleep, Jack Spratt remaining on watch.

Whether or not Jack got to thinking of the glories of stage life or fell asleep, and so was therefore equally unmindful of his duties in one state as he would have been in the other, we cannot decide, but certain it was that he did not know what he was about.

The consequence was that no one was called to relieve him until morning, and then the confused fellow found that their berg had left its moorings, and had been towing them all night at a rate of about six knots an hour.

There was no help for it, and Cap'n Sam said nothing, particularly as he now saw that there was some chance of making the landing he required, there being more open water than formerly.

Far to the north there arose a peculiarly-shaped iceberg, and Mr. Hawser declared it to be one that they had formerly seen in their first search for George Underhill.

It was much nearer now, and Tom was willing to swear that there was a ship on top of it, but this idea was too wild to receive credence, although they all admitted that the top of the mass did look like a vessel of some sort.

"We'd better make for the ice on that side, anyhow," suggested Cap'n Sam, "fur I guess we kin make for the south cluss inter shore better'n we kin out yer."

It was afternoon, and they were speeding along under sail, when a strange form was suddenly espied running up and down the icy shore.

"It's a man!" cried Hawser. "See, he is waving a jacket and trying to attract our attention. Hallo, what's that?"

It was the report of a gun discharged by the person on shore, and everybody in the boat became intensely excited.

"It's George, I'll bet anything!" shouted Tom, in a fever of excitement.

"Shouldn't wonder if the boy was right," put in Jenkins, while Jack Spratt began to recite his favorite oration.

"Whoever it is, he is all alone, and we must save him!" added Cap'n Sam, thoughtfully. "Run the mainsail up and down once so as to let him know we see him!"

This was done, and then the boat was headed directly for the shore, as the line of ice might be called, the men all pulling with a will, thus aiding the sail, and increasing their speed one-half.

Nearer and nearer they came, and now the person on the ice became less excited, knowing that he would be saved.

"Pears to me he has got George's build," mused the skipper, "but folks look pretty much alike when ye come to dress 'em up in furs. Can't be possible that the boy is livin' arter such a winter as we've had."

"But if that is a ship over in the ice," persisted Tom, who had all along adhered to the belief that they would ultimately find George, "he must have found it, and, of course, he has been living there."

"And he had a gun with him when he drifted away," added Hawser, "so that he could shoot bears and foxes."

Nearer and nearer came the icy shores, and then, as Cap'n Sam began to feel a strange thrill creep all over him, the young man on the ice suddenly ran down to the water's verge, and a rich, clear voice was heard shouting:

"Cap'n Sam, ahoy! Come ashore! I've good news for you."

"Bless my heart, if it ain't George arter all!" roared the skipper.

"Hurrah, boys!" yelled Tom, jumping upon a thwart in so lively a fashion that were a whaleboat an easy thing to capsize this one would have been swamped to a certainty.

"Ahoy, yourself!" shouted the skipper. "Is that you, really an' truly, Geordy, my boy?"

"Yes."

It needed no orders to induce the men to pull with a will, and in a few moments the boat was run alongside and made fast with a boathook, the men sprang out, and the lone castaway, whom all but Tom had so long thought dead

was clasped to the honest heart of rough Cap'n Sam in a regular bear hug.

CHAPTER XV.

A JOYFUL MEETING ALL AROUND—PLANS.

"Well, well, well, it is Geordy, sure enough," muttered good old Cap'n Sam, after a few moments of silence, and releasing the young man from his grasp, he said: Why, you are looking well, my boy, hale and hearty. Where have you been living all the time?"

"In an old ship. You can see it way off to the north, on top of a mound of ice."

"Didn't I tell you so?" shouted Tom, prancing about like one possessed.

"But you haven't given me a chance to tell my news yet," said George, after shaking hands with his former companions.

"Well, what is it?"

"I have somebody living with me up in the old ship that you'll be glad to see."

"Got a friend up there, have you? Well, that's cheerin', for it's lonesome livin' all by yerself in such a land as this. Who is he?"

"You couldn't guess, could you?"

"No, surely not," uttered the skipper, with a puzzled look. "How should I?"

"The old bark burned since I left, didn't it, and you were obliged to go away. You lost Jessie, too, didn't you, and young Tom fought the Esquimaux like a brick."

"Why, surely, but how in time did you learn all this, when you haven't been with us for six months?"

"My friend told the part of it, and we saw the light made by the burning vessel, and guessed the rest."

"Your friend!" gasped Cap'n Sam, turning pale. "Why, it can't be——" and then he stopped.

"Yes, it is Jessie."

"What!" roared the skipper, "my gal, little Jessie? Is she with ye on the old ship? Hooray!" and the old fellow laughed and danced about to hide the tears which were streaming down his weather-beaten face.

"Yes, your Jessie and mine, is with me in the old ship," and George related how he had found the young girl, and told of their life since that time.

"Well, well, if that isn't the most wonderful thing I ever heard of," muttered Cap'n Sam. "To think I should find both you an' Jessie safe an' sound, an' livin' like two turtle doves in an old ship stuck on top o' an ice mountain! How fur off do ye jedge it to be?"

"Oh, about twenty miles. I haven't been home for two nights, but Jessie is all right, and there's no one to harm her."

"Kin we go all the way to it in the boat?"

"Not all the way, but more than half of it."

"Then we'll start right away this minute, fur I can't lose no time. Well, well, just to think o' it!" and Cap'n Sam wiped his streaming eyes on his rough sleeve, and sniffled, while everybody looked pleased.

The boat was now launched, and all hands set out for the ship, skirting the ice and making good progress.

"It's durned lucky now that we was driven out o' our way," observed the skipper, "fur if we hadn't we shouldn't 've found George nor anybody."

"I can imagine your feelings, sir," remarked Jack Spratt, "and can compare them only to that delight which a man experiences upon the stage. Oh, the magic realm of the theatre! Why did I leave it to come up into these howling deserts? Born to be an actor, I have turned aside from the paths of glory, and am nobody!"

"Think of what I have lost, and all through my folly. Think of the wondrous words I might have delivered to admiring thousands at fifty cents and a dollar a head. Children in arms not admitted. No peanuts sold in the gallery. The tide in the affairs of men spoken of by Julius Caesar has passed me by, and I am left stranded."

"What a falling off was there. Oh, my countrymen, lend me your ears!"

"I come to bury Caesar; the evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones."

"No cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks—rage, blow. Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I, Horatio."

"The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not——"

"Great guns, Jack! haven't you got over reciting Shakespeare yet?" cried George. "I've got a copy in the ship that is a hundred and fifty years old. I'll give it to you to read and study up."

"No, George, please don't!" said Tom, with such a comical expression that everybody laughed, and Jack subsided.

The boat took the party within five miles of the foot of the berg, and was then unloaded and drawn out of the water, being then overturned, with the contents beneath and the sail spread all over it, and fastened securely by great blocks of ice.

In this position it would form a cache for the provisions, and would be less liable to be disturbed by prowling Esquimaux or bears, or carried away by the tide, care being taken to draw it up sufficiently far from the water to be out of the influence of the currents, which must eventually carry away a good deal of the floe.

Having attended to this duty, all hands now set forth on the march to the old ship, the weather, although cold, being far from disagreeable.

They reached the vessel just at night, and George hurried to the top ahead of his friends, so as to inform Jessie of her father's arrival, and not take her too much by surprise.

She had seen the party at a distance, and was in great fear lest it should prove to be her old enemies, the Esquimaux returning to take summary vengeance upon George for their former defeat.

When she saw George running up in advance of the others, she knew that they were friends, although she did not as yet suspect who they really were.

"I have brought some friends, Jessie," cried George, after the first greetings, "and I know you will be pleased to see them."

"Were the poor fellows wrecked?"

"Their ship was burned, and they were trying to reach the south, but were blown here by adverse winds. It was a lucky chance I met——"

"George!" cried the girl feverishly, "what is this you tell me? Their ship was burned—these men are my father and his crew?"

"Yes, he is safe, and so is little Tom, your old friend. There are but seven of them, though, and that is all that remain of the crew of the dear old bark."

"I am dying to see my kind old dad again. Let me go down to him."

"He will be up here in a minute," and George ran to the rail and fired a shot, which speedily brought all hands up the steps and on board the queer old ruin of former greatness.

The meeting between father and daughter was most affecting, and then, next to Cap'n Sam, Tom came in for the greatest share of attention.

"I have never had a chance to thank you, Tom, for your brave defense of myself the day I was carried away," cried the young lady, and then she caught the boy by the shoulders and kissed him on both cheeks.

"He's only a little fellow, George," she explained to our hero, "and you mustn't mind," and then everybody laughed, while Tom said, with a blush:

"I'm sure I don't, Miss Jessie, and you can do that as often as you like, and as for what I did that day, it was only what anybody ought to have done, and I was only sorry that I wasn't bigger, that I might have driven those ruffians away and not let them carry you off with them."

The sudden arrival of so many guests interfered somewhat with the arrangements on board the ship, but all hands were satisfied with almost any accommodation for the night, and on the next day comfortable quarters were fitted up for everybody.

"Now," declared George, as they all sat at dinner, "there is one thing to be thought of, first of all. Are we going to remain here or are we going to leave and seek a refuge to the southward?"

"Well, I don't fancy the country myself," returned Cap'n Sam. "I've lost my vessel and my fortin', an' more'n half my crew, and I saw we ought to get out afore we lose any more. Another winter in the ice 'll kill us all with scurvy, even if we don't die o' cold. This yere old ship 'll have to be broken up and burned to keep us all warm another season, and then where are we?"

"The boat will hold us all," added Hawser, "and as soon as the water is clearer we had better embark, and trust to good fortune to reaching Greenland, or running across a whaler who will take us home."

"That's it, sir," observed Jenkins; "but we can stay here a month yet afore the ice will be out o' the way enough fur us to venture on the seas in an open boat."

"And until that we are safe enough here," added George. "Let us settle on our plans first, however, and then it will be plainer sailing."

"We'll get away in a month, then," decided Cap'n Sam, "an' keep straight down the channel into the 'Lantic Ocean. Our chances in goin' away are better than if we stay here."

Every one agreed to this, and it was therefore settled that at the end of a month they should leave the old ship forever.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.

On a warm, pleasant day in July the entire party left the ship and turned their faces to the south, beginning a journey that was to prove most eventful, and which to some would end, not in their native land, but in the desolate wilds from which they sought to escape.

The boat had been visited by some of the party several times, and only a few days previous it had been uncovered and made ready for launching as soon as the party was ready to set sail.

The embarkation took place at last, and by the end of the first day the mound of ice with the ship on top was veiled from sight by a thick fog which settled over the ice and water, and made it seem as though they were drifting through nothingness, only the dark waters around them being visible.

They had looked upon the old ship for the last time, however, for when next the sun shone out they had drifted too far away to catch even the faintest glimpse of that strange creation—the mound of ice and its ancient burden.

Day after day they sped over the sea, now threatened with destruction by the ice, or in imminent danger of being swamped by the fierce billows, and as each passing day brought no sight of habitable land or of vessels of any kind, their hearts grew more and more weary, until one and all were well-nigh upon the verge of despair.

"We must keep up a brave heart," said George, "or we will fail. Dangers are not to be met by fearing them, but by resolving to get the best of them no matter how great they may be."

"Spoken like a man, George!" cried Cap'n Sam, slapping our hero on the back. "That's the kind of stuff to make men of us, pluck an' grit an' never say die."

Day after day, however, when the fierce winds howled about them, threatening to tear their little sail to ribbons, while wave after wave dashed over them at the imminent risk of sending them to the bottom—when great masses of ice surged by them, and were only kept off by the most superhuman efforts—day after day, as they were exposed to a hundred perils, it seemed as though their strength of body and spirit must give out at last, and the elements remain triumphant against the weak efforts of man to battle against them.

At last, far away, they saw the peaks and the low-lying stretches of gray, barren land, which they knew to be the coast of Greenland, and bravely they struggled to reach it, trusting that there they would find some rude shelter, meet with some rough but kindly men, who would assist them to reach some haven where they could at last sail for home.

But as the land drew nearer and nearer their perils seemed to increase, as though it was not meant that they should escape from the perils which beset them on every hand.

First they were caught in a squall, and the sail was blown away before they could haul it down, the mast being torn from its socket and broken in pieces, one of the fragments striking Smith on the head, and hurling him unconscious into the boiling waves, where he sank out of sight before a hand could be reached out to save him.

Then a huge wave struck the boat, and Jessie was precipitated into the waters, a frightened scream forcing itself from her lips as she sank.

Jackson, another of the sailors, leaped overboard after her, dove deep down into the sea and caught her as she arose.

The brave fellow swam to the boat with his unconscious burden, and battled with death until the girl could be taken aboard, but then, weighted down with his heavy clothes, and taken with a sudden cramp, he threw up his hands, sank beneath the surface, as a great mass of ice came floating by, endangering the safety of the boat, and was never seen again.

Jessie was revived and wrapped in extra furs, eventually recovering from the chill received in the icy waters, but the man who had imperiled his life to save hers was seen no more, and all their hearts were saddened at his loss.

Then, in spite of all their caution, the boat got into a jam of ice, and was badly staved at the bows, it being necessary for all hands to crowd aft in order to keep the water out.

Little Tom, being the lightest, was sent forward to plug up the leaks with the materials easiest at hand, bits of fur, oakum and ends of rope pulled to pieces.

Jenkins next lost the boathook in sheering off from a cake of ice, and Jack Spratt caught a crab with his oar, and was obliged to let it go or be tumbled overboard.

After this nothing happened for a day or so, and although the boat was leaking, there was no danger of its not keeping afloat until they could effect a landing, although this was not as easy a task as it might have been.

They could only use oars, and these were badly broken, owing to frequent contact with the ice masses, that pulled by Jenkins being almost split in two, and George's being but little better.

At night they drifted along, and one morning they found themselves not more than a couple of miles from the coast, at a point where there seemed to be a number of houses, the flag-pole in the center of the settlement being plainly visible.

They pulled for the shore, but Jenkins lost his oar, and George broke his so as to render it perfectly useless, the only good ones being pulled by Cap'n Sam, Jack and Hawser.

George and Jenkins relieved the skipper and second mate, while Cap'n Sam steered for the shore, all hands hoping that at last the worst of their troubles were over.

They were caught in an eddy as they approached the gray rocks lining the shore, and the boat was swung wildly around, despite their bravest exertions, the breach in the bow being opened and the water rushing in at a terrible rate.

Jenkins was thrown out by the boat running upon a sunken rock, and at the next moment all shared his fate, the little craft having gone to pieces in an instant.

George seized Jessie and swam for the shore; Cap'n Sam helped Tom, and the others struck out for themselves.

When they reached the shore Jenkins was missing, and although they looked long and eagerly for him they did not find the brave fellow, and were reluctantly obliged to give him up for lost.

Then they made for the houses they had seen, hoping to find friends and shelter.

Here again bitter disappointment awaited them.

The settlement had been abandoned, some of the houses were in ruins, and only a few dead bodies in some of them were all the signs of human life to be seen.

Fever had attacked the place, and the inhabitants had fled in terror, leaving their dead behind.

It was a fearful welcome for the poor castaways, and nearly deprived them of the little strength they had left.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE END APPROACHING.

The houses found by Cap'n Sam and his friends afforded shelter, if nothing else, and after making a fire in one of them from the rubbish found on the shore and in the other houses, they succeeded in getting dry and warm, and then went to the shore in the hope of finding some of the contents of the boat washed upon the rocks.

Fortunately they recovered some of their provisions—a gun and ammunition enough to last some time, the powder being in a water-tight case, and thereby escaping a wetting, a harpoon, an axe, and a couple of oars, besides a blanket or so, but the boat itself had been utterly destroyed, not even the slightest fragment appearing on the shore.

It was a cheerless prospect for our friends, alone in the inhospitable coast of Greenland, with an insufficient supply of food, with shelter, indeed, but with a long journey ahead of them, the end of which they might never reach, but which they must take as their only hope of escape.

Had they been well supplied with provisions they might have remained in the deserted settlement until the inhabitants returned or some vessel hove in sight, but under the circumstances to remain was equally perilous as to endeavor to reach the settlements further down the coast.

"This is the worst yet," muttered Jack Spratt, as he sat by the fire, being now without even the pipe, no tobacco, no nothing! A pretty come-down for the man that might have fired the world with his genius.

"In place of rolling in luxury as the distinguished tragedian, here I am stranded way up in Greenland, with the prospect of being starved to death or frozen solid staring me in the face. It's bad for the rest of you, of course, but then you are sailors and rather expect this sort of thing when you leave home, whereas, it's all the worse for me, because I might have been better off if I had only took the chances I had.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen—I come to bury Caesar. The evil that men do lives after them. You have heard that Caesar was ambitious, And grievously hath he answered it. Upon the Supercal I thrice did offer him A kingly crown which he did thrice refuse. Did this Caesar seem ambitious? Oh, what a falling off——"

Jack Spratt suddenly started up and made for the door as a large portion of the roof of the house came down with a crash, barely escaping him.

"What a falling in was there, my countrymen, you had better say," cried Tom, who was uninjured. "A little more, and there would have been nothing for you to grumble at, Mr. Jack Spratt."

Fortunately no one was hurt by the sudden caving in of the roof, for no one had been in the house except Jack and Tom, the others being engaged in exploring the coast.

They speedily returned upon hearing Tom's shouts, and as all their belongings were in the house, they at once set to work digging them out.

This was a perilous feat, however, as the remaining portion of the roof soon fell in, carrying with it the sides of the dwelling, which was built of rough slabs, frozen mud and other refuse.

Besides the difficulty of digging away this mass of rubbish, there was another danger, and this was that the fire, which was still burning within on the hearth, would destroy their property, and leave them with nothing upon which to depend during the tedious journey which lay before them.

Picking out one of the houses which appeared the strongest, they gathered all the rubbish capable of making a fire, piled it up on the hearth, and put a match to it, being the last, by the way, that any of them possessed, so that if this fire should go out there would be no means of building another.

Then leaving Jessie and Tom in the house, Cap'n Sam, George, Jack Spratt and Mr. Hawser—the whole remaining party—set themselves to the task of saving their supplies from the wreck of the ruined hut.

The fire burned away as long as there was anything for it to feed upon, clouds of steam arising from the melting snow and ice which blinded the workers, and frequently drove them away from the scene of their labors.

At last, after a great deal of hard work, they succeeded in reaching the interior of the hut and dragging out the remains of their supplies.

The blankets had been destroyed by the flames; the cask of meat had been broken by the falling walls, the contents being scorched, mixed with mud and ice and well-nigh ruined. The powder had fallen into the fire and had exploded; the two oars were but charred sticks, and George's supply of wine from the Ice King—their only hope in case the scurvy attacked them—now lay in a puddle of mud and ice, lost to them forever.

All they could save was the meat, and only a portion of this, but that was better than having nothing whatever, and as they removed it to the house where they had left Tom and Jessie, they were thankful that matters were no worse.

It was now night, and they disposed themselves to rest, lying in a circle around the fire, which had been replenished that it might not go out during the night.

In the morning they made a meal of salt beef, and then went out and gathered every scrap of wood they could lay their hands upon so as to keep the fire going as long as possible.

"Now I'll tell ye what's to be done," said Cap'n Sam. "Leave me here with Jessie, an' the rest o' ye go ahead an' try to find a ship or human folks, an' then come back. If we all go on we'll never get thar, but if on'y a few does, there'll be more chance."

"Leave you here to perish?" cried George. "No, no. If any one remains it must be myself."

"No, George; you're young and vigorous, an' have better chances. I'm old an' 'll be more likely to give out."

"Let Tom stay with me," said Jessie bravely, "while the rest of you go on ahead. We are less able to stand the fatigue, and we will need less to live upon."

Both George and Cap'n Sam were averse to leaving Jessie behind, but she soon convinced them that if they wished to save her life that was the best means to do it, for she knew she could never stand the fatigue of the long journey on foot.

Little Tom, too, brave as he was, could hardly keep up with the rest of them, and as only by a forced march could anything be accomplished, Jessie's proposition was decided to be the best that could be made.

The salt meat was then made up into five portions, one being somewhat larger than the rest, this being left behind, the others being made into bundles, to be carried upon the backs of the rescue party.

They all set to work and collected every scrap of wood, piling the whole at one side of the one room of the hut, and cautioning Tom to make it last as long as possible, for there was no telling how long they might be gone.

Cap'n Sam and George then bade Jessie an affectionate adieu, and all hands wished Tom and the young girl the best of luck until they met again, and then came the separation, which, to some of them, would be forever.

The party had neither spy-glass nor compass, firearms nor ammunition, an ax and a harpoon being their only weapons, while before them lay a journey of they knew not how many hundred leagues, beset by perils on every hand.

Tom and Jessie stood in the doorway of the hut, and watched them out of sight, when they went in, closed the door, replenished the fire, and got dinner ready, neither having any appetite, however, when it was prepared.

"Do you think they will come back, Tom?" asked Jessie, after a long pause, the two being seated one upon either side of the fire.

"They'll try to, Miss Jessie, but I'm afraid that they won't do it, not all of them."

"You think that father is too old, and that he ought not to have gone?"

"Don't know about that. The skipper is pretty tough, and it'll take a good deal to down him. Can't say so much about that Jack Spratt, or even the second mate. I hope they'll all come back, Miss Jessie, or, anyhow, send help. They'll do one or the other, see if they don't. They wouldn't forget us altogether."

"You are sure that George will return for us?"

"If he don't, it will be because he can't walk," answered Tom evasively, for, to tell the truth, the boy, hopeful as he was on most occasions, did not feel any too sanguine regarding the result of the expedition.

Jessie did not trouble him with further questions, and the two sat engrossed in their thoughts, neither speaking a word for more than an hour.

The night came at last, and both lay down to rest, and so passed the first day of their solitary life, many others succeeding it, with little to break the monotony, both trying their best to be cheerful, but neither succeeding to any great extent.

They took their meals regularly; they went out for a run along the shore every morning and afternoon, they husbanded both food and fuel; they spent the evenings in conversation, and one day was like another, Tom keeping count by making a mark on the mud wall of the house with a charred stick every morning the first thing after arising. A week passed, and this increased to ten days, to two weeks, to eighteen days, and still there was no sign of the return of the rescuing party.

Despite all their care, the supply of food was nearly exhausted, and as for fuel, Tom had been obliged to go a long way and search under the snow for moss to keep the fire going, this finally giving out, as well as the food, at the end of the twenty-second day.

"Do you think they will return, Tom?" asked Jessie, for the hundredth time.

"They may," answered Tom feebly, but they won't find anything of me but bones. You've got a chance, and you must hold on to it."

"I, Tom? No, we will die together."

"No, for I've been thinking of you, and when I go you'll find meat enough for three or four days under the hearthstone."

"Oh, Tom, you didn't—"

"'Twasn't for myself," said the boy hastily, misunderstanding Jessie's words. "I saved it out of my share, so that you might have it after I'd gone."

"Oh, Tom, you are a brave boy, and if you die it will break my heart. You must not; you must take some of this food now. You need it more than I do."

"No, no," said Tom, falling back upon the floor where he had been sitting. "Keep it yourself. It'll do me no good, and it will keep you alive."

Then the brave, faithful little fellow sank into a stupor, which seemed like the approach of death itself, and Jessie, falling on her knees beside him, buried her face in her hands and wept as though her heart would break.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Over the snow went the four survivors of the Seagull, but upon a forlorn hope, indeed, having little faith that they would be successful, and yet being resolved that they would do all that lay in their power.

Day after day they trudged on over the ice, sleeping at night in snowbanks, in deserted Esquimaux huts, or under the lee of a mass of ice, wrapping themselves up, and lying as close to one another as possible, in order to keep from freezing, for although it was the Arctic summer, the air was still keen at times, and particularly so at night.

Often they would travel all night in order to keep warm, taking their rest by day when the sun shone and the air was warmer.

The melting snow and ice made the walking disagreeable as well as precarious, for often a thin layer of snow would conceal a cavity in the ice or the rough rocks which lined the shore, and many bad falls were the consequence of a misstep of this kind.

They had been out about ten days when poor Hawser suddenly disappeared right before their eyes, being carried down a deep abyss which the treacherous snow had concealed.

They heard his last despairing shriek as he disappeared from sight, and George approached the edge of the chasm cautiously, and looked down into the abyss.

He could see nothing, hear nothing, and although he called many times to his lost companion, there was no response save the echo of his own appealing cries.

It was impossible to descend into the chasm, either by climbing or by being lowered with a rope, the sides being precipitous, with never a ledge upon which to rest the feet, and the party being without a single fathom of rope.

The three comrades lingered around the place for some time, in the hope of hearing their friend's voice, but no sound came up from the horrid depths, save the echo of their own voices, and that last shriek that poor Hawser had uttered was never followed by any word or sound from the unfortunate whaleman.

Seeing that it was useless to remain longer at the scene of their comrade's death, the others made their way around the dangerous spot, and continued their journey, taking care to sound every suspicious spot after that, so that there might be no more lives sacrificed to the evil genius of that desolate land.

Two weeks had passed from the time of leaving the deserted settlement, and not a scrap of food remained, the three men being nearly out of their senses with the thought that their labors were in vain, and that those for whom they

had taken this perilous journey would perish in spite of all their efforts.

At last worn out in body and mind, they sank upon the barren shore, in sight of the sea, and gave themselves up to die.

They did not perish, but were found by the crew of a whaler that was then cruising in those waters, and, being taken aboard, were tenderly cared for and nursed back to life and consciousness.

When at last George recovered his senses, his comrades being still delirious, he asked how long a time had elapsed since he had been found.

"It's just a week day before yesterday," answered the skipper, a jolly tar, who was very well acquainted with Cap'n Sam, although he had not yet recognized him.

"More than a week!" cried George. "Then there is no time to lose. We must save them."

"Save who, youngster? We did save ye, all hands, though the other fellers hasn't come around yet."

"No, no! I mean Jessie and young Tom. We were going ahead to get help for them when we gave out."

Thereupon George related the adventures of himself and friends in the sea of ice, and implored the captain to go after the girl and the cabin boy, agreeing to direct them to the very spot where they had been left.

"You don't mean to say that this is Cap'n Sam Carter, and that his darter is there in the ice waitin' fur ye to come back?"

"Yes."

"What a pity ye didn't come to sooner."

"I wish I did; but will you go back?"

"Of course I'll go back. I know Cap'n Sam like a book, and now I come to look at him, I kin see that it is him and nobody else. Go back there? You bet I'll go back."

"I wish you would hurry."

"I will, my hearty."

The vessel's course was at once laid in the direction George indicated, and the honest skipper declared that he knew the deserted settlement well, and that he had visited it during the last season, and that it had already been abandoned at that time.

George worked hard, as did every one aboard the vessel, and in the course of a day or so Jack Spratt recovered his senses, and when he learned whither they were bound, he turned to with the rest, and never grumbled.

"After all, while the life of an actor is a glorious one," he did finally say, "and although I did miss my chances, there is, after all, nothing more ennobling than saving the lives of your fellow men—and women," he added, after a pause.

"I say," said a man of about Jack's age, "isn't your name Jack Spratt?"

"It is."

"Don't you know me?"

"I can't say that I ever saw you before."

"Oh, bother! You and I used to live in the same street in New York."

"I don't remember you."

"Yes, you do. You wanted to be an actor, and tried being supe at the Bowery Theatre, but you weren't no good, and they wouldn't have you."

"Sir, you are mis—"

"No, I am not mistaken."

"You will pardon—"

"I was at the play myself," the fellow went on, interrupting Jack Spratt. "You had to speak two lines that night, and what did you do but walk right down to the footlights and begin spouting something that wasn't in it at all, something about Julius Caesar and Romans and ears and other rubbish, when the stage hands shoved on a scene, and the manager sent half a dozen supers to drag you off."

"I'll bet I know what it was that he said," interposed George, with a laugh. "Wasn't it this:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Lend me your ears,
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him;
The evils that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred—"

"Yes, yes, that's the whole business," returned the sailor, with a laugh. "Jack Spratt thought he was cut out to be an actor, and was always reading plays and spouting them;

when he came to get into the actual business, he found he was no good, and was bounced."

"I decline to talk——" began Jack.

But George interrupted him, asking:

"Then how about old Booth offering to push him, advising him to take to the stage, and all that?"

"Has he been giving you that rubbish, too?"

"Oh, yes; he told us lots of things about what he ought to have done instead of becoming a sailor."

"He never was an actor, and never could be one. He never was on the stage except as a super, and never was given anything to say but once, and after that he couldn't get inside the door unless he paid his money. Old Booth never saw him, and as to giving him advice, if he said anything it would have been to advise him to stick to his business and not make a fool of himself by trying to be an actor."

"This set all hands laughing at Jack.

"Oh, Jack Spratt! Jack Spratt!" cried George, in a mock tragic tone, "I did not think that of you. Couldn't even make a super, never had a word with old Booth or any of them. Don't ever let me hear any more of Mark Anthony, or I'll throw you overboard."

"Oh, well, Jack's a good fellow, anyhow," spoke up his former friend, "even if he is a little cracked on theatricals and thinks he ought to be an actor. I never expected to meet him way up here, though I ain't surprised to hear that he has been working the Booth racket. He played it on us fellows at home till we got sick."

"You needn't say any more, Bill," said Jack Spratt. "You've taken away the only subject I had to talk about, and now I might as well give up altogether."

And so poor Jack's wasted chances turned out to have been no chances at all, and the disappointed tragedian was only an ordinary mortal like the rest of his fellows.

It was too comical to think of, and George had many a good laugh over it afterward, although he never said anything to Jack about it, who from that time out never once delivered his famous Mark Anthony oration.

Through the icy waters the whaler plowed her way, and at last the flagstaff and the straggling houses of the settlement came into view, and they hurriedly lowered a boat and pulled for the landing place at a point where there was no danger from the whirling eddies.

Cap'n Sam, George, Jack Spratt, the latter's friend Bill, the skipper, and one other man were in the boat, and the oars fairly smoked in the oar-locks as the men rowed hastily to shore.

George set up a shout as they sprang out, and in another instant a boyish-looking form, dressed all in furs, issued from one of the houses, paused an instant, and then fell upon its knees in the snow with its hands raised to heaven.

"Tom! Tom, where is Jessie? Is she safe?"

Thus cried George as he hurried forward and caught the kneeling figure in his arms.

"George, don't you know me? Has suffering, then, changed me so much?"

It was Jessie herself and not Tom whom he beheld, and then George remembered that the girl had long since adopted a dress similar to his own, although for the moment he had forgotten it.

Cap'n Sam hurried forward and clasped his daughter to his breast, while George asked eagerly after Tom.

"Poor little fellow," sighed Jessie. "I never saw such a devoted boy—so brave, so faithful. To think of his wanting to die to save me."

"Brave Tom! Poor boy! Then we are too late to save him?"

"When all our food had given out, I found that he had saved considerable from his share that I might have it. Think of his dying to save me!"

"Then the poor fellow is dead, is he?" muttered Cap'n Sam.

"Well, I'm really sorry, 'cause I liked that boy, next to you an' George, better'n any one on airth."

"Dead?" cried Jessie. "No, indeed, although he would have died to save me, if necessary, and might have, had I not taken care of him. However, I cannot say what would have happened by another day——"

George waited to hear no more.

He dashed into the hut, where he found Tom lying upon some soft moss.

He looked very pale and still, but his eyes were open.

"Tom, you brave young hero, how can I ever thank you for your brave devotion, for your heroic self-denial?" and George lifted the boy tenderly in his arms and bore him outside.

"It wasn't any more than you'd 've done, George," answered the boy faintly. "And, anyhow, I would have died if it hadn't been for Jessie. She made me eat, and stood by me through it all. I'm so glad you've come back."

Tom was taken on board the whaler, and all hands returned in the vessel, the reunion of old friends being most touching.

Another day would have finished both Tom and Jessie, but the rescuers had arrived in time, and it was not long before the whole party was restored to health and strength.

George Underhill now calls pretty Jessie Carter his wife, honest Cap'n Sam having given up the sea and his life as well.

Jack Spratt has settled down to spend the rest of his days in peace and quiet, and young Tom, now a man grown, and the devoted friend of George, is first officer on the latter's sturdy ship, which plies between American and China, and brings riches to its owner and captain, who, blessed with a wife and children, and friends and riches, has no further desire to risk life and fortune in the Sea of Ice.

Next week's issue will contain "MAD ANTHONY WAYNE, THE HERO OF STONYPOINT."

SPECIAL NOTICE

Please give your newsdealer a standing order for your weekly copy of "PLUCK AND LUCK." The War Industries Board has asked all publishers to save waste. Newsdealers must, therefore, be informed if you intend to get a copy of this weekly every week, so they will know how many copies to order from us.

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HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

THRIFT CLUBS FORMED IN ALL BANKS OF NEW YORK.

Headed by Pierre Jay, chairman of the board of directors of the Second Federal Reserve Bank, the Committee on Banks is rapidly completing 100 per cent. organization of Savings Clubs or Societies in all the large banking institutions and trust companies in the Greater City.

With a few exceptions, there are Savings Clubs now in existence in all the banks, a good many having separate clubs in each department. This movement is now being extended through all the branches of the banks, and Savings Societies are being formed in each department.

Most of the Savings Clubs are being named after colleagues who are serving their country in France.

SAVING AND SERVING.

By economizing in consumption and with the resultant saving purchasing the Government's war securities the American citizen performs a double duty. The citizen and the Government can not use the same labor and material; if the citizen uses it, the material and the labor can not be used by the Government. If the citizen economizes in consumption, so much material and labor and transportation space is left free for Government uses. And when the saving effected is lent to the Government more money is thus placed at the disposal of the Government.

The more the people save the more money, labor, and materials are left for the winning of the war, the greater and more complete, the support given to our fighting men.

NEW ENGLAND FARMERS' WAR COUNCIL.

More effectively to organize for war service and to keep in close touch with national developments affecting agriculture, farmers of New England States recently formed a war council. The Federal food administrator in each of the New England States was asked to name three bona fide farmers and the newly formed organization is the outgrowth of a conference of these delegates.

The organization is known as the New England Farmers' War Council, and has chosen as its president E. S. Brigham of Vermont, who is also a member of the agricultural advisory committee, a national committee of farmers which meets in Washington from time to time to confer with officials of the Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Brigham will now act as authorized spokesman for New England farmers. Other officers of the council are Walter B. Farmer, of New Hampshire, vice-president, and G. C. Sevey, of Massachusetts, secretary.

LIBERTY LOAN AND SAVINGS BANKS.

The effect of the Liberty Loans and the War Savings Stamps on savings banks' deposits has been watched with keen interest by economists and financiers. The experience of England was very encouraging; in the year 1916 the English small depositors purchased billions of dollars of war bonds and at the same time increased their deposits in savings banks over \$60,000,000.

The belief is entertained that the result in America has been very similar to that in England, and that despite the purchase by the American people of some \$10,000,000,000 of Liberty Bonds and \$500,000,000 of War Savings Stamps, a very fair proportion of which were purchased by savings banks depositors, savings banks deposits have increased.

Full reports have been received from the savings banks in New York State. They show a decrease in deposits for the last year of only \$8,000,000, but an increase of 21,252 depositors. The loss in deposits is insignificant; the increase in the number of depositors very significant. With increased cost of living and other war conditions, the decrease in deposits might well be expected; the increase of depositors shows that the saving habit is greatly growing in our country.

SAVINGS CLUBS DRIVE LAUNCHED IN TRADES.

A special drive for the formation of War Savings Societies in every trade, industry, business and profession in the committees comprising the Pioneer Division of the War Savings Committee of Greater New York, has been just launched. This campaign is a follow-up of the work accomplished during the June drive. Firms whose employees have not enlisted in the army of War Savers during the June drive are now being called upon to form 100 per cent. War Savings Societies, and to secure pledges from the employees to save and to buy regularly War Savings and Thrift Stamps from now until January 1, 1919.

All the employees in every trade are being asked to practice personal economy as a means of raising money to buy their stamps so as to lighten the load of civilian demand on labor and material of the country.

In order to always keep before the members of the Savings Clubs the thought that their money is for the purpose of helping the soldiers at the front, it is being suggested that each of the societies be named after an American hero in the war.

Letters already have been sent to every firm in about twenty trades in the Pioneer Division, asking them to form societies, and a few hundred clubs already have been formed as a result.

CURRENT NEWS

SNAKE CHARMED BY AUTO LIGHT.

Charmed by the glowing headlight of a standing automobile, a five-foot snake, eight inches in circumference, startled pedestrians in the downtown section of Pittsburgh, Pa., recently. Policemen were summoned and the reptile was despatched. Its arrival in the business district remains a mystery to the Police Department.

ENGLAND SEIZES FRUIT.

The shortage of the fruit crop in London has been dealt with by the Ministry of Food taking over all supplies for jam manufacture. The order fixes the wholesale prices and includes all imported pulp, which must also be sold to the jam manufacturer.

According to the Ministry, the supplies of jam after supplying army demands will only average one ounce a head a week for the public.

TRIAL TRIP OF CONCRETE SHIP.

The second trial trip of the concrete steamer Faith on the Pacific coast was made without cargo in a strong wind and choppy sea. According to the official report on the behavior of the ship she is believed to be fully equal, if not superior, to any steel ship of the same size and equal power. The Faith soon will undertake her maiden voyage with cargo. The Faith made 10.2 knots. Despite much pitching, the absence of vibration was declared to be very noticeable. Scientific instruments, observed by experts of the Shipping Board, showed the vessel withstand a maximum range longitudinal stress amidships of 1,200 pounds per square inch in steel deck and bottom.

BLOW TO THE U-BOATS.

Admiral William S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, U.S.N., when asked whether he could confirm the statement attributed to Sir Eric Geddes, of the British Admiralty, that the U-boat peril was almost at an end, and that depth charges had been the chief factor in bringing this about, replied that he knew Sir Eric and that any statement made by him should be accepted. Sir Eric was on the spot, he added, and had all reports that would enable him to make an accurate statement as to U-boat activities. Admiral Benson declined to give an opinion as to the rate of destruction of the undersea boats or to make any predications as to the time of their disappearance.

THE ARGENTINE ANT.

A recent bulletin of the Department of Agriculture sets forth the serious though indirect injuries done by the Argentine ant in orange groves. Owing to its fondness for the honeydew secreted by mealy bugs and other soft scales, the ant protects these

pests of citrus plants from many of their insect enemies, and thus permits them to become excessively abundant. Even the armored scales, though not directly protected by the ant, benefit by the presence of the latter, as the ants eat all insects they can capture except those supplying honeydew, and, among them, many enemies of the armored scale. In Louisiana, where the Argentine ant was introduced a quarter of a century ago, the best means of control has been found to be trapping. Artificial nests are arranged in the groves; the ants congregate in the nests to avoid rain and are killed by fumigation. In California the ants are more commonly destroyed by the use of poisoned syrups.

SHIP BUILT IN 24 DAYS.

The Alameda Shipyard, near San Francisco will launched recently the 12,000-ton steel cargo carrier Invincible, built in twenty-four days. The keel of the Invincible was laid immediately after her sister ship, the Defiance, slid down the ways in the great Fourth of July Liberty launching.

The Invincible is a fabricated, but not an assembled ship. She was put together on the fabricated principle, but all the steel was punched at the Alameda yard, which has a complete fabricating plant of its own.

In building this vessel 137.84 tons of steel were put into place every day, and about 40,000 rivets driven daily. The Invincible is 457 feet 6 inches in length over all, 56 feet beam, 38 feet deep and of 12,000 deadweight carrying capacity.

A WONDERFUL METHOD FOR CAPTURING FISH.

A writer in "The Manchester Guardian" contributes an interesting paragraph on one method of keeping the "pot" supplied with fish:

"Our soldiers in India have adopted a remarkable method of catching fish for the 'pot.' An ordinary marble-necked empty bottle such as is universally used for lemonade and kindred summer drinks is obtained, and a little quicklime is put into it. A small quantity of water is then added and the bottle shaken up. The gas which generates in consequence forces the marble up into the mouth of the bottle, which thus becomes effectively sealed. It is now thrown out into the river. The white color of the liquid within the bottle (which is furiously effervescing all the time) arouses the curiosity of the fish, which swim from all parts, so to speak, to investigate it. Before long the pressure of the gas generating in the bottle becomes so great that the bottle bursts, and the flying fragments of glass cause great slaughter among the denizens of the river. Used in this way, a pint-size bottle will account for quite an imposing number of fish."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

WHEN INSECTS TAKE TO AVIATION.

According to Lieut. Depret-Bixio of the French Army, who is a naturalist as well as a flying man, many insects follow captive balloons in their ascent. He has seen flies go as high as 2,970 feet, after which they die. Grasshoppers cling to the basket of the balloon until the air becomes too rarified for them, when they let go and fall. He says the swallows have a glorious time catching these insects.

LASHED TOGETHER, MAN AND WIFE DIE IN SEA.

The bodies of a man and woman, lashed together, were found in the harbor at Bar Harbor, Me., today. Papers were identified as those of Harry H. Morse, of Lynn, Mass., and his wife.

Morse was a private at Camp Devens, Mass., and, according to camp authorities, had been absent without leave since July 9. The County Medical Examiner decided that the couple committed suicide.

Morse and his wife were about thirty years old, and are understood to have been possessed of independent means. Heavy stones were found in the man's pockets. He also had a revolver, but there were no bullet wounds in either of the bodies.

MOST U. S. PATENTS FOR TRANSIT DEVICES.

Uncle Sam granted the first patent of the present series eighty-two years ago. Patent No. 1, issued on July 13, 1836, was for a device to keep car wheels from slipping. Several years ago the millionth patent was issued, on a pneumatic tire, which proves that inventors are still much concerned with wheels. The constant demand for better transit facilities is responsible for the largest proportion of patents. Flying machines at the present time are the particular object of inventors' minds, and scarcely a day passes without an application covering some new and novel type of machine for navigating the air.

ANTI-TANK GUN.

A new anti-tank gun, which has already been used against the German tanks and has proved that it can put them out of action with a few well aimed shots, has been developed by the United States Ordnance factories and is now being produced in increasing numbers. The bore of the gun is just under 1½ inches and it fires a 1½ pound shell. The rapidity of fire is high, reaching 25 aimed shots per minute. Several varieties of shells are being manufactured, including an armor-piercing explosive shell. The gun, including its mounting, weighs only about 175 pounds; so that during an attack two men can carry the gun and another two the mount. The gun is so simple and can be assembled so rapidly

that it could be brought from a dugout and get into action between the time when the enemy barrage lifts and the attacking forces reach one's own advance posts. The gun has a high velocity and a low trajectory.

CONEY ISLAND.

The first man to realize the great possibilities of Coney Island, the world famous amusement place, as a summer resort, was Austin Corbin, a banker and railway official, who was born at Newport, N. H., ninety-one years ago. From the beginning of the last century the beach at Coney Island was frequented by many New Yorkers, but it remained for Corbin to initiate the movement which has made "Coney" a synonym for a certain kind of amusement.

Corbin started his financial career at Davenport, Iowa, but in 1865 he opened a banking house in New York and in 1873 he purchased the eastern part of Coney Island. There he created the great resort known as Manhattan Beach. He also became president of the Long Island railroad and played a big part in the development of all the summer resorts on Long Island. In the last forty years Coney Island has become the greatest popular summer resort in the world, and in addition to the visitors from the city who go there for the day many thousands are regular summer residents of the hotels and cottages which line its shores.

THE SPEED OF ANIMALS.

Few know just how fast or slow they are, but an interesting computation by scientists is designed to throw light on the matter.

A riding horse covers forty inches while walking, while at a jog trot it covers eleven feet in a second. The two-minute horse, forty-four feet in a second. The leisurely ox moves over only two feet a second when hitched to a wagon and about twenty inches when attached to a plow. The elephant, which can pull more than six horses, moves only about four and one-half feet a second, and running as rapidly as it can is able to travel but eighteen feet a second.

The lion is claimed to run faster than the swiftest running horse, which is from 80 to 100 feet a second, according to the country through which it is compelled to travel.

Some claim a hare can travel at the rate of sixty feet a second, while others claim it cannot travel more than half that distance. All deer are speedy animals. A roebuck has been known to cover seventy-four feet a second when pursued by dogs. The giraffe is said to pass over the ground at the rate of about fifty feet a second, while the kangaroo covers ten to fourteen feet a second. A tortoise five inches long makes about a half-inch in a second.

PEARY'S BOY GUIDE

—OR—

ICEBOUND IN THE ARCTIC

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIV (Continued).

Jack had taken the lead, and so great was the boy's knowledge of the bleak, snow-covered country that he was traversing that he made no use of a compass, such as Peary would have had to use.

When the explorer asked him how he guided himself he answered:

"By the stars."

At the end of the third day out from the depot they reached a cliff facing an open stretch of water and built an ice hut at its base.

After supper Esquimaux Joe and Jack went down to the shore, and the native pointed up the channel and said in his own language:

"We shall have to follow this water, Jack."

"There is a crossing a few miles further north," replied the boy.

Just then they heard a strange barking noise down by the shore, and Jack ran toward some blocks of ice, saying:

"Walrus, Joe. Come on and see if we can get one."

The Esquimaux ran after him, and Jack turned the ice blocks.

Just as he did so a huge, shiny body rose up in front of him, and a pair of enormous tusks were swept around in a vicious manner.

The boy recoiled with a startled cry, and tripping over a piece of ice, he fell sprawling in front of a huge walrus.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STRANGE SCHOONER.

The enormous beast threatening the boy let out a bellowing roar, and rising on its flippers, it glared down at Jack with round, fiery eyes.

It was an ugly brute, and it evidently resented Jack's intrusion.

The boy saw those awful tusks poised above his body, and a chill of alarm shot through him, for he knew very well what a dangerous foe one of these animals was when its temper was aroused.

He had had experience hunting them in the past, and when he saw that the brute was going to attack him he tried to roll out of its way.

The animal seemed to realize what his intention was, for it aimed a sudden blow at him, and if he had not given his body a quick twist its tusks would have pierced his breast.

Crash! went the sharp ivory points into the ice, and one of the tusks pierced the skirt of his coat and pinned the boy so he could not move any further away from the animal.

Esquimaux Joe had seen the whole occurrence, and he now started forward with a cry of alarm and raised the lance he carried.

He was a powerful fellow, and the force with which he hurled the weapon at the beast buried it far into the hide of the animal.

Up went the head of the walrus, and the most terrific roar burst from its hairy mouth and a spasm of pain passed through its body.

That movement released Jack, and as quick as a flash the boy rolled over and over out of its way and sprang to his feet.

"Joe," he called, "get the spear!"

"I try," said the fat little Esquimaux.

He made a grab for the shaft, but the walrus snarled and made for him with amazing speed for such a clumsy-looking animal.

Joe took to his heels as fast as he could and dodged around the ice up behind it, and with a flying leap he landed upon its back.

Then he seized the spear, and with a violent tug pulled it out of its sheath in the walrus's body.

The beast paused and turned its head slightly, and Jack drew back the weapon and plunged it into the brute's neck.

It was a fatal thrust, for the animal was killed instantly.

"I've fixed him!" shouted the boy, leaping to the ground.

"Dead?" demanded Joe, cautiously peering out from behind the ice.

"Dead as a doornail!"

"Good! Good!" chuckled the Esquimaux. "Plenty grub now."

And he went over to the carcass and closely examined it.

Then he ran back to the camp and told the news, bringing everyone down to the shore to view the prize.

The best parts of the walrus were secured, and the refuse was given to the dogs, who gorged themselves with it.

On the following day they set out again, and following the course of the stream, they found its headwaters frozen over and crossed on the ice to the other side, where the ground was quite level.

Here they were in a long, narrow valley, with great peaks towering up on each side, their slopes clad with snow.

A light fall of snow began, and as they went along it increased in violence, so that after the lapse of an hour it was coming down so thick and fast that they could scarcely see where they were going.

"We'll have to halt and make camp," said Jack to Grace, and he stopped the dogs and waited for the other sledges to arrive.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

MUMMIFIED WHEAT.

A Minnesota farmer, who had read that grains of wheat had been found in the wrappings of Egyptian mummies, set out twenty-one years ago to beat the Egyptian record for storing that grain. The Government's order requiring the marketing of all wheat reserves by May 15 caused him to give up the attempt. A car of wheat was received by the Atwood-Larson Company, Minneapolis, in which according to a letter from the consignor, was one load from the 1897 crop. The Farmers and Merchants' Elevator Company of Newfalden wrote that this one load was of good quality except that it was little light, weighing 55 pounds to the bushel.

MADE \$250,000 IN OIL; LOST IT; ENLISTS IN NAVY.

Ulrich Potthoff, former Washington University football, basketball and track star, is now enlisted in the navy, following a kaleidoscopic career in the oil and gas fields of Oklahoma, during which time he made and lost \$250,000.

Potthoff, shortly after leaving school in 1914, became interested in oil speculation and two years ago organized a company which drilled a well at Cherryville, Kan. It was a gusher, and subsequent wells added to Potthoff's fortune. He then went to Oklahoma and invested all of his capital in leases near Curley. He became the leading citizen of the little town; in fact, he owned practically everything on the townsite. But his wells refused to gush oil and his fortune dwindled.

The navy called for red-blooded Americans and Potthoff decided to switch from oil to water. He enlisted as a seaman.

NEGROES ARE CHEATED OUT OF LIBERTY BONDS.

An unscrupulous campaign is being waged among the negroes of Texas and other Southern States to rid them of their Liberty bonds and War Savings Stamps by means of trading schemes, according to reports made by leading educators of that race, who are doing all they can to break up the practice.

It is stated that smooth talking white men are travelling through the country, visiting the negro farmers and laborers who purchased Liberty bonds and War Savings Stamps, carrying with them stocks of cheap watches, phony jewelry, fake diamonds and other more or less worthless ornaments, which they trade for the Government war securities. Many thousands of dollars have passed out of the hands of the more ignorant negroes into the pockets of the unprincipled swindlers during the last few weeks, it is claimed.

In some instances cheap sewing machines and

farm implements are traded for Liberty bonds. The negroes throughout the South are being warned not to dispose of their bonds or Savings Stamps, and particularly, to have nothing to do with travelling peddlers or agents.

GAUTIER AND HIS CATS.

One of the peculiarities of Theophile Gautier, the great French writer, was his love for cats. As soon as he could conveniently do so, he afforded himself the luxury of twelve of the handsomest felines that money could purchase. It was an interesting sight to behold this Hercules in his writing room playing with his regiment of cats, whom he had taught to love one another as they did himself, says *Our Dumb Animals*. When some of them broke a valuable object of art—his study, by the way, was a curiosity shop—he seriously deliberated upon getting rid of them; but when the man he had engaged came to remove the obnoxious pets he relented and sent him away. He named each one of them after some well-known person to whom he fancied it bore some resemblance, physical or otherwise. He seldom wrote anything without a cat or two in his lap.

NEWEST THINGS.

To promote the home manufacturer of drugs the Japanese Government has encouraged the cultivation of the poppy and the preparation of opium.

A revolving fan that an Indiana man has invented is attached to the back of a rocking chair and whirled over an occupant's head as he rocks.

A Chicago inventor has patented apparatus for kiln drying hay so that it can be brought under roof quickly or at the convenience of the grower.

After many years of effort the Pyrenees Mountains have been pierced by a tunnel that will enable French and Spanish railroads to be connected.

The timber possibilities of British North Borneo are to be investigated by an expert from the United States whom the Government has employed.

It is estimated that less than 2,000,000 acres of land in British East Africa are cultivated out of a total acreage of more than 156,000,000.

Some sugar refineries at Honolulu have installed furnaces that burn heretofore waste molasses as fuel, the ashes being valuable as a fertilizer.

Ventilators that can be attached to any shoes, through which air is circulated by the motions of walking, have been patented by a New Jersey man.

To save time for circuses in moving, a wagon has been invented that carries a huge spool upon which tents can be rolled, horses providing the power.

The world's shortest tree is the Greenland birch, which grows less than three inches in height, but frequently covers a radius of two or three feet.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1918.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Prairie dogs are being gassed with heavier than air gas to kill them when poisoned grain fails to dispose of these pests of the southwestern farmers around Santa Fe, N. M. Oats are soaked in poison and placed near the prairie dog villages.

Masquerading as a woman, Private John Hutchinson forgot himself when he passed an officer and saluted in Chester, Pa. As a result he was arrested and turned over to the military for punishment. Hutchinson was dressed stylishly. He wore a low-cut gown, high-heeled shoes, white stockings, summer furs and a large picture hat.

A grocery store at Council Bluffs, Iowa, was robbed, one Sunday night, of five sacks of wheat. Apparently during the ensuing twenty-four hours the attention of the thief was drawn to the regulation of the Food Administration that for every pound of wheat flour a pound of some other cereal must be obtained; for on Monday night he did his patriotic duty by returning and making off with five sacks of corn meal.

An indictment charging him with hoarding 4,920 pounds of flour, 10,000 pounds of beans and 4,900 pounds of rice contrary to the rules of the Federal Food Administration was returned by the Federal Grand Jury here recently against Amabile Porta, a San Francisco hotel man. The maximum penalty on conviction is two years' imprisonment or a fine of \$5,000 or both.

"I have carried this gold piece with me for thirty-seven years, and I have resisted hunger and temptation to spend it, and have always kept it as a treasure. However, Uncle Sam needs it now, and I willingly let it go so it will help to bring victory to the American arms." This was the statement of W. H. Martin of Tulsa, Okla., as he deposited a \$10 gold piece at the postoffice window and asked for some bonds.

ZIRCONIUM STEEL FOR GERMAN GUNS.

Word is reported to have been received in Paris from Brazil by way of Rome regarding the steel used by the Germans in their long range guns with which they have been shelling the French capital. This shell is alloyed with zirconium, said to be the hardest and possessing the greatest resisting power of any metal in existence. Zirconium ore was discovered in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, shortly before the war. Large quantities of the metal were bought by Germany on two occasions and its manufacture into steel undertaken. It was found to give the gun tubes tremendous resistance, it was reported, and to render them capable of withstanding the effects of most severe explosions.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

Ikey (who has been reading)—Fader, can anybody get rich beyond der dreams of afarice? His Father—I t'ink not, Ikey. Afarice vos a putty good dreamer.

Little Harry—Are you going to marry my sister, Mr. Sapleigh? Sapleigh—I—aw—don't know, Harry. Little Harry—Then pa saw right. He said you didn't know anything.

An Indiana man bet ten dollars the other day he could ride the flywheel in a certain mill. When the widow paid the bet she said: "William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about flywheels."

Tommy—Talking of riddles, uncle, do you know the difference between an apple and an elephant? Uncle—No, my boy, I don't. Tommy—You'd be a smart chap to send out to buy apples, wouldn't you?

"Anything new in the show," asked the local manager. "Yes," answered the visiting agent. "The biggest supply of new songs, new faces, new jokes, ever shown in captivity. Just to show you the trouble we've taken with that show, we've been collecting all that material for the last ten years."

She—Why does that author go off on a tear and get drunk? He—So he can write stories about his experiences. She—But why does he want to write about his experiences. He—So as to get some money. She—But why does he want money? He—So he can go off on a tear and get drunk again.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride, when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or the vice-president of the society?" "I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position." "What position is that, my dear?" "Treasurer."

SENT ON THE ROAD

—OR—

A SMART BOY IN BUSINESS

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A serial story)

CHAPTER XV (Continued).

A large crowd of workmen were busy tearing down.

Walter saw that a heavy foundation occupied most of the space.

At one end men were digging out.

He was just turning away when Jack Winzer came bustling up.

Walter saw him coming and turned away.

He was determined not to have a mix-up with the fellow if it could be avoided.

There was no danger.

Walter did not know his man.

He had yet to learn the difference between a tricky wind-bag and a vindictive scoundrel.

"Hey! Say! Hold on, there, Bagley. I want to talk to you!" Winzer shouted after him.

Of course, Walter did not look back.

He might just as well have done it.

In a moment Winzer was at his side.

"What do you want?" snapped Walter. "You just go about your business and leave me alone."

"Hold on now, Webster. I s'pose you are mad with me?"

"And why not? After the way you have used me and lied about me!"

"Oh, cut that out. It was all in the way of business. Besides, I never sent you that telegram."

"What telegram?"

"Oh, you know."

"And so do you know. If you didn't you wouldn't be mentioning it now."

"That was Grabbit's work."

"'Twas dirty work."

"I think so myself. You see, the telegrams from Howe got mixed. Bagley's came to us and ours must have gone to Bagley's."

"I don't believe a word of it. You jumped at the conclusion that Bagley had a telegram, and happening to know where I was wired me. Besides, that was nothing to the dirty trick you played me in Kansas City."

"I had nothing to do with it. Wagner told me you got drunk, and I believed him. You were drunk and you know it. Now, come, there's no use in denying that. Come, let's go and have a ball. We may as well be friends."

"Go your own way," retorted Walter, "and let me go mine."

"Hold on," said Winzer, as Walter started to turn aside. "I want to talk business to you. Have you put your figures in yet?"

"None of your business."

"Now you talk like a fool. You seem to have got on the blind side of them architects. Probably you'll get the job. If you will raise your bid a thousand I'll go a hundred over you, and we'll divide. That will leave Bagley five hundred to the good, and I'll make expenses for this long trip."

"You confounded rascal! If you don't pull out and leave me alone I'll make you sick!" cried Walter, now thoroughly aroused.

"You'll be sorry for this," growled Winzer, but he crossed the street then, and Walter hurried away.

"That fellow is the limit," thought Walter. "I wonder if Ben Lake used to whack up with him like that? It wouldn't surprise me one bit if he did."

It took time to get quieted down again after this encounter.

Nothing better than walking to quiet one's mind.

Walter walked and walked, until three o'clock found him at Symkyns & Howe's again.

He was so nervous now that he could hardly contain himself.

The Parrott Block represented a large profit.

Walter had not dared to figure on a small margin so far from New York, and he felt sure that Winzer would look at it the same way.

When he entered the office he found Winzer already there.

The fellow glared at him, but did not speak.

They waited outside the counter for twenty minutes.

At the end of that time a gentleman passed out of the private office.

Mr. Howe immediately came out with the bids in his hand.

"You are beaten, Mr. Winzer," he said. "The contract goes to Bagley. He is a hundred and sixty dollars under you. Here, look at the figure for yourself."

To Walter it seemed as if a thousand-pound weight had suddenly been lifted from his head.

He had landed the Parrott Block!

CHAPTER XVI.

WALTER STILL FINDS HIMSELF WITH A FORTUNE ON HIS HANDS.

Jake Winzer merely glanced at the total figure.

He had sense enough not to strain this unusual courtesy on the part of the architect too far.

"Very good," he said. "I hope you will be satisfied with the deliveries. If you get stuck for blocks call on our agent. He will be glad to furnish you any time."

"Step this way, Mr. Webster," said the architect, opening the gate, without replying to this.

Of course, after this snub, there was nothing for Jake Winzer but to get out.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING ARTICLES

WIND LIFTS CHICKEN HOUSE.

A heavy whirlwind the other day lifted a thirty-five-foot square chicken house at the home of John Wiebe, Upland, Cal., and after carrying it a distance of forty feet turned it over and dumped it roof down. Most of the fowls in the chicken house had been stripped clean of their feathers. The whirlwind was witnessed by Edward Luke, who asserts it picked up heavy boards, as well as papers and rubbish, and carried them skyward.

REPORT HOMING PIGEONS.

Antwerp, or homing, pigeons, more commonly called carrier pigeons, if caught or picked up anywhere should be reported immediately to the nearest military or naval authorities. The pigeons invariably have the letters "U. S. A." or "U. S. N." and a serial number attached.

It is now against the law to knowingly entrap, capture, shoot, kill, possess or in any way to detain these birds. Knowledge of such birds should be sent to the nearest authorities by registered mail, says the law. A violation of the act is punishable by a fine of not more than \$100 or by imprisonment for not more than six months.

RATHER BE SHOT AT HOME, CRY SLACKERS.

"We'd rather be shot at home than in Europe," is the creed of the slackers now entrenched in caves in Coosa County, Ala., where Sheriff Hardy has tried every means to get them to come out and join the colors.

These men are not pro-Germans; they are the sons of men known in Coosa County as Watsonites, followers of Tom Watson. Six of the slackers took to the mountains when the April draft was called and sent word back by friends that the authorities could expect trouble if they attempted to arrest them.

When the May draft came William Stanley Pody, who had been called, stated he would go out and get his brother and both would come in, but instead he became a member of the band. With the nine slackers is one deserter, who deserted while convalescent from pneumonia, from Camp Gordon.

The slackers move about among the mountain people, procuring food from any house they reach, for the residents are afraid to refuse them aid.

The authorities will make no determined effort to bring them in now, hoping to have the men come in one at a time voluntarily and avoid bloodshed.

GERMAN BRUTALITY TO CAPTIVES.

In a letter to his parents, part of which appears in the 7th Regiment Gazette for July, Lieut. O. C. Brown, O.R.C., attached to the 9th Infantry, Regu-

lar Army, who was formerly a member of Co. G, 7th Inf., N.G.N.Y., writes from a field hospital to his parents in New York about an attack made by the Germans on several companies of his command. The enemy, as they have done before, wore Red Cross badges, but carried rifles, bayonets and bombs. Before coming into sight and while approaching through communicating trenches they spoke French, hoping to fool the Americans, which they did not succeed in doing. "The Germans are brave men, but they sure do fight dirty and are as tricky as the very devil himself," added Lieutenant Brown. He wrote that one of the surgeons attached to the hospital where he was being cared for brought in the news a day or two before that in a raid by the Germans on Connecticut troops they captured some Americans, among them a sergeant and some privates and crucified them on the barb wire in front of the American trenches. This act together with the Germans' misuse of the Red Cross badge, the Lieutenant said, had filled the American troops with increased anger and anxiety to face the Germans.

THE WORLD'S SIMPLEST POSTOFFICE.

How many people know that South America can boast of the simplest postoffice in the world? It would take considerable guessing on the part of the reader to locate this postoffice, for he would find it at the very end of the continent. Even then he might not recognize it.

Opposite Tierra del Fuego is a very high rocky cliff overhanging the Strait of Magellan, and from one of the rocks is suspended, by a long chain, a barrel which receives mail. To be sure, says Walter K. Putney in St. Nicholas, there is no postmaster nor is there any regular letter carrier or collector, every ship that goes through the strait stops and sends a boat to this curious little postoffice, looks over the letters that are in it to see if there are any for the men on board that particular ship and places therein letters for seamen on board ships that are known to be headed for the strait.

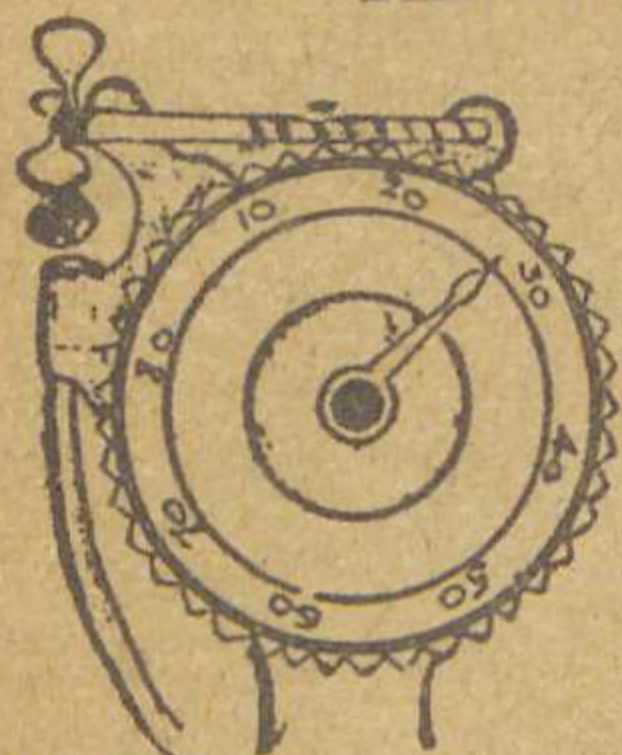
Who was the person that first thought of such a scheme we are not told, but the sailors think a great deal of their unique postoffice, and there has never yet, to anybody's knowledge, been any violation of the confidence reposed in it. When a sailor sends a letter to it addressed to another seaman he is absolutely certain of its delivery. It may be that one of the two seamen is on a vessel which is not expected to pass by this ocean postoffice, but the letter may have on it a request that a vessel going east or west shall pick it up and deliver it to some point where the seaman will be sure to receive it. In this manner letters have been known to make their way to the Arctic Ocean or even to India.

NUT AND BOLT PUZZLE.



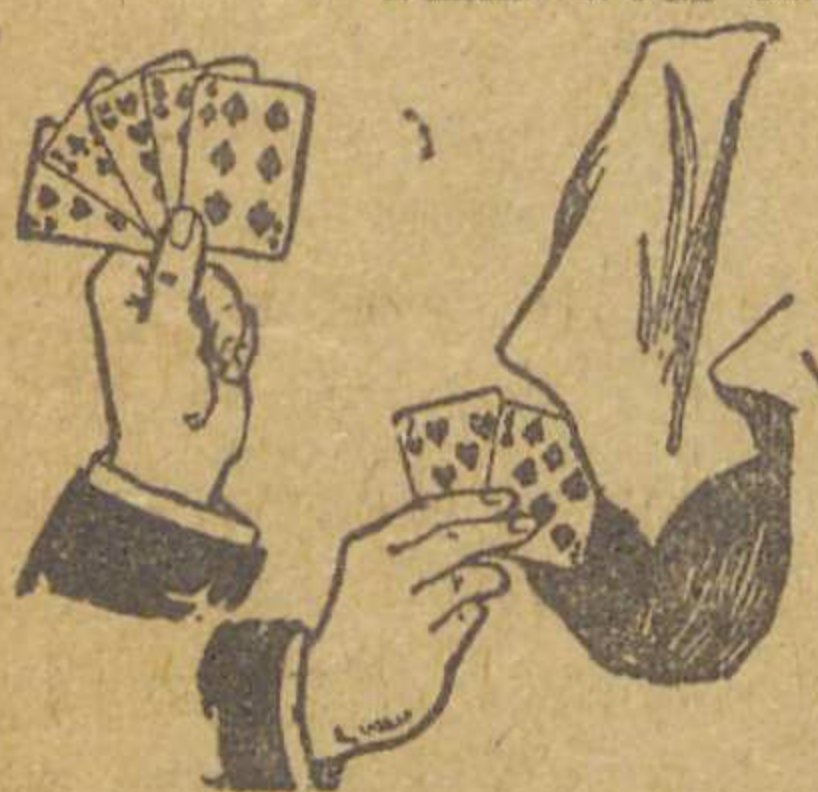
A very ingenious puzzle, consisting of a nut and bolt with a ring fastened on the shank, which cannot be removed unless the nut is removed. The question is how to remove the nut. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.**

THE LUNG TESTER.



We have here one of the greatest little novelties ever produced. With this instrument you can absolutely test the strength of your lungs. It has an indicator which clearly shows you the number of pounds you can blow. Lots of fun testing your lungs. Get one and see what a good blower you are. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.**

PHANTOM CARDS.



From five cards three are mentally selected by any one, placed under an ordinary handkerchief, performer withdraws two cards, the ones not selected; the performer invites any one to remove the other two, and to the great astonishment of all they have actually disappeared. No sleight-of-hand. Recommended as the most ingenious card trick ever invented. Price 10c, by mail, post paid. **H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

THE MODERN DANCERS.



These dancers are set in a gilt frame, the size of our engraving. By lighting a match and moving it in circular form at the back they can be made to dance furiously, the heat from the match warming them up. If you want to see an up-to-date tango dance send for this pretty charm. Price 15 cents, or 3 for 40 cents, sent by mail, postpaid. **FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., New York.**

THE WAR FOUNTAIN PEN.



A very handsome fountain pen case to which is attached a pocket holder neatly made of metal and highly nickel-plated. When your friend desires the use of your pen and gets it, he is very much astonished when he removes the cap by the sudden and loud noise of the explosion that occurs, and yet a little paper cap does it all. Price 35c, by mail, postpaid. **H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

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Just out and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and re-join them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of silvered metal. Price 12c; 3 for 30c, sent by mail, postpaid. **FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., New York.**

THE RUBBER DAGGER.



On account of the war we have substituted this novelty for the Magic Dagger. It is eight inches in length, made to look exactly like a steel weapon and would deceive almost anybody at whom you might thrust it. But as the blade is made of rubber, it can do no injury. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid. **FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., New York.**



TOKIO CARD TRICK.

You place five cards in a hat. Remove one of them and then ask your audience how many remain. Upon examination the remaining four have vanished. A very clever trick. Price, 10, by mail, postpaid, with directions. **H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

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TWO-CARD MONTE.



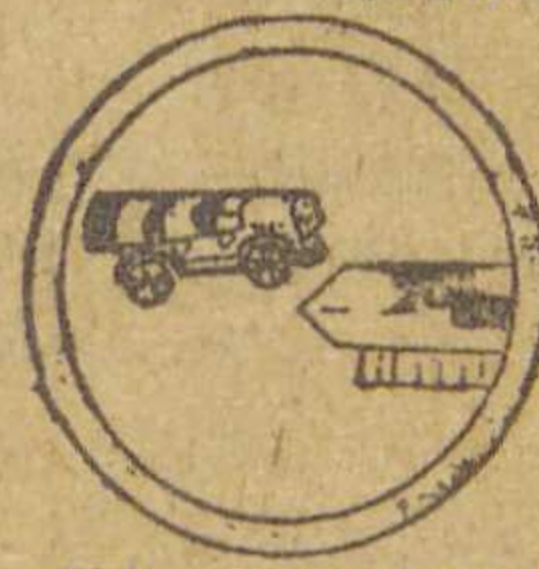
This famous trick gets them all. You pick up a card and when you look at it you find you haven't got the card you thought you had. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid. **FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.**

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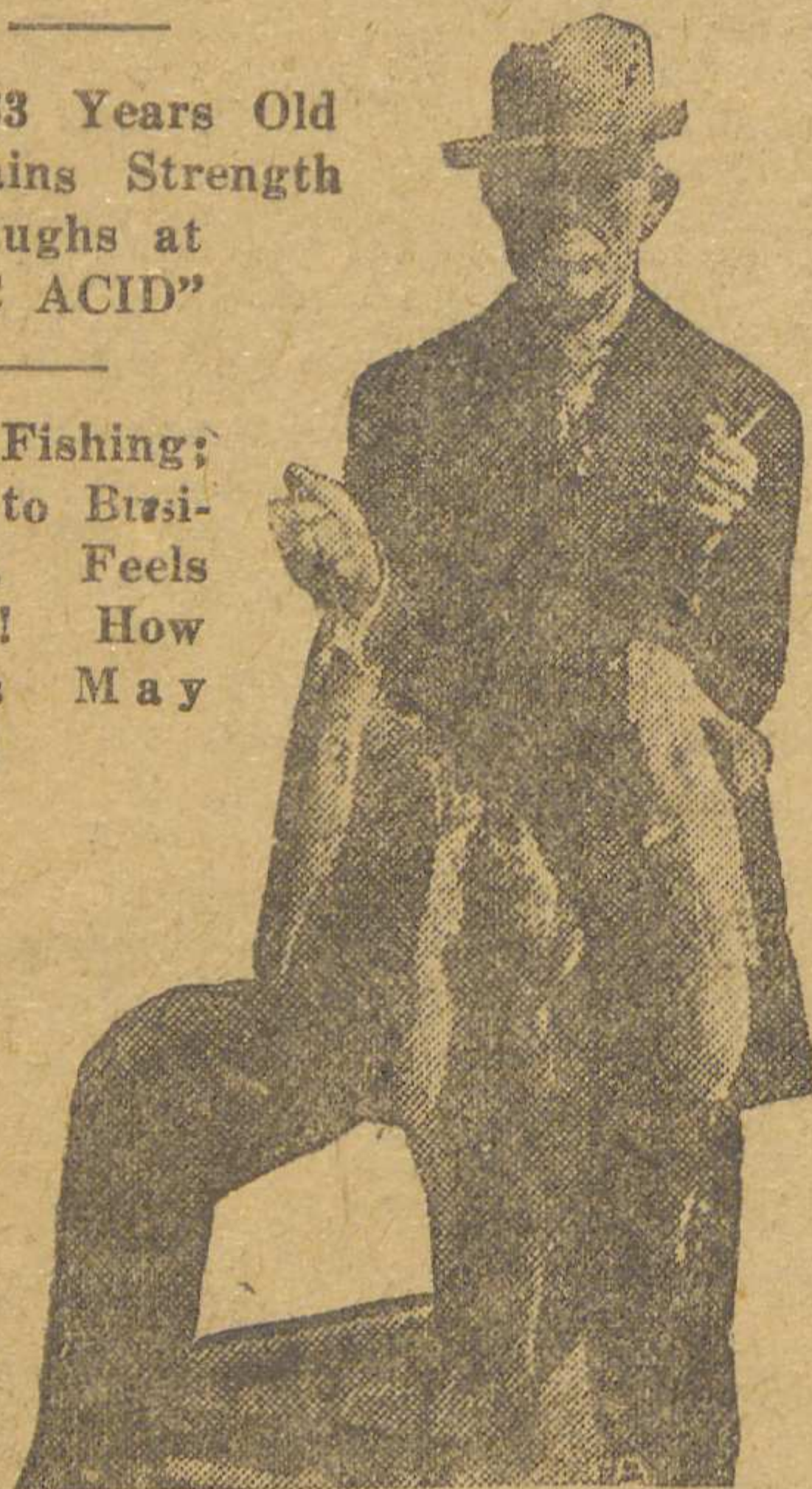
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Now 83 Years Old
—Regains Strength
and laughs at
"URIC ACID"

Goes Fishing;
Back to Busi-
ness, Feels
Fine! How
Others May
Do It!



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctor for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe, and that without it we could not live!

HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT FROM A GENEROUS GIFT.

These statements may seem strange to some folks, because nearly all sufferers have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book that is now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble. If any reader of the "Tousey's Weeklies" wishes a copy of this book that reveals startling facts overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post-card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 534 Water street, Lowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Send now. You may never get this opportunity again. If not a sufferer yourself, hand this good news to some friend who may be afflicted.

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Children rich and poor go wild with delight over this little bracelet. Patent leather strap. Good buckle. Simulation watch. All free post paid for selling only 1 jewelry novelties at the each.

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Wonderful Victory Over Baldness

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS OINTMENT

Now Has Prolific Hair and Will Give True Recipe Free It is Scientifically Verified

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. Yet now, at the age of 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness.

Indians' Secret of Hair Growth

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he guaranteed would grow my hair. Although I had no faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a regular healthy growth and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was amazed and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Hair Grew Luxuriantly

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

It became my sudden determination to possess the recipe or secret if I could. Having used my most persuasive arguments which convinced the aged savant of my sincerity and that he had only fairness to expect from me, I succeeded in gaining the secret recipe by giving him a valuable rifle in exchange.

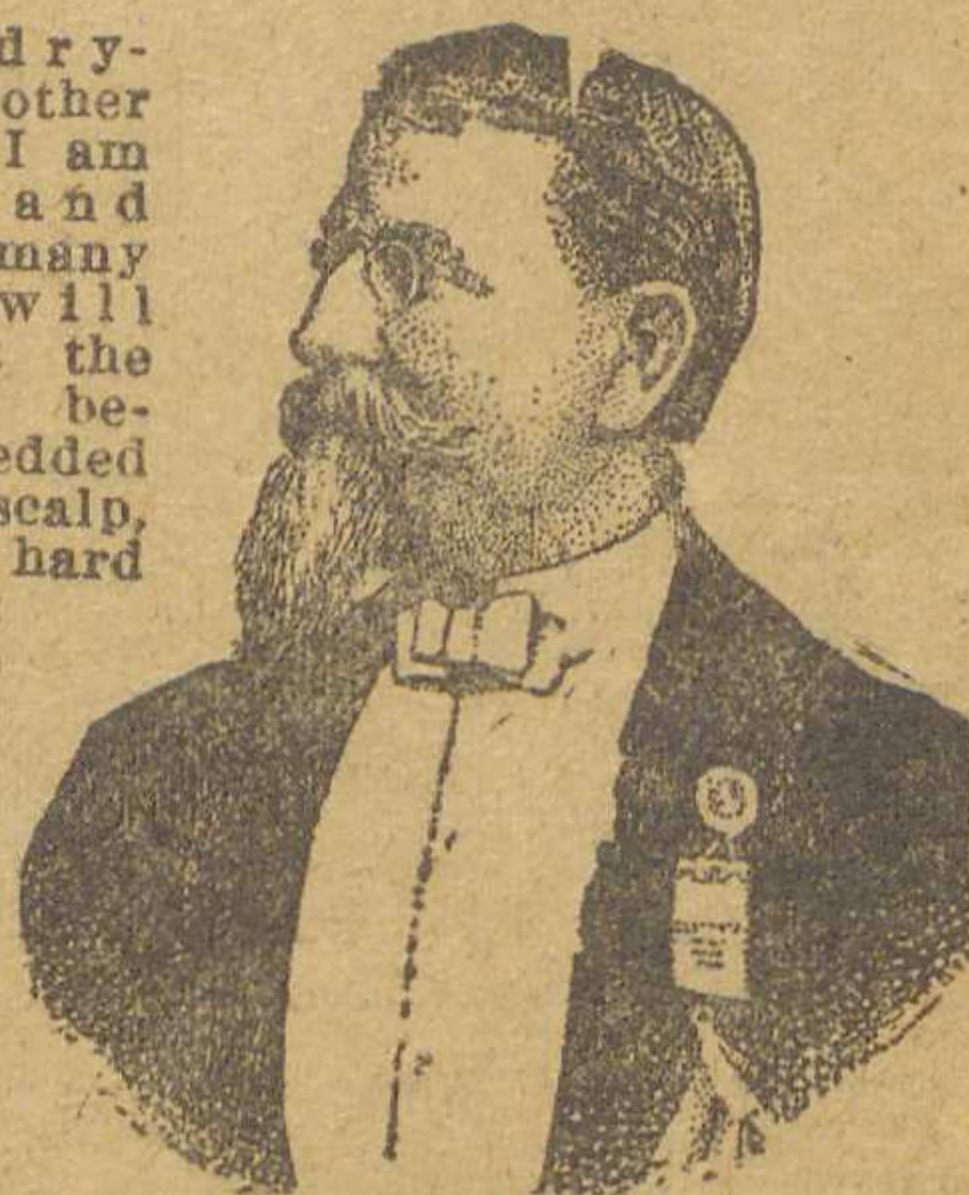
I Put the Secret Away

My regular business took all my time, however, and I was compelled to forego my plans to introduce the wonderful kotalko (which I call for short kotalko) and I put the secret aside for some years.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever,

excessive dryness or other disorders. I am convinced, and am sure many scientists will agree, that the hair roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they are like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle.



Plenty of Hair Now.

The Secret Now Revealed

Recently I was induced, while on a business trip to London, to introduce kotalko, the Indian hair elixir. It met with an immediate demand and has since been introduced throughout England and France, where, despite the war, it is having a great sale. Its popularity comes chiefly from the voluntary endorsements of users. Many persons—men, women and children—are reporting new hair growth. Some cases were really more extraordinary than my own. For instance, a lady reported that kotalko grew a beautiful supply of blond hair (her natural shade) after her head had been completely bald since a fever nine years previously and she had worn a wig ever since.

A military officer had a bald spot which had been growing larger for some time. Within a few weeks it was completely covered.

I could mention numerous examples. Now, having made arrangements here, I intend to supply kotalko, according to the genuine Indians' formula to whomsoever wishes to obtain it.

Recipe Given Free

The recipe I shall be pleased to mail, free. Address: John Hart Brittain, BG-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. When you have grown new hair please send me a letter giving the facts for my files.



When I was Bald.



power, impure (poisoned) blood, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders. Nervous breakdown, weakened intellect and INSANITY are often attributed to tobacco habit by eminent medical men. Why

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continue to commit suicide when you can live a really contented life if you only get your body and nerves right? It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid yourself of habit by suddenly stopping with willpower—don't do it. Correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. Would you like to quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health? My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco & Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address:

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Get a small box of Oil of Korein capsules at the drug store; follow directions. If you wish a small, handsome chin and attractive figure.

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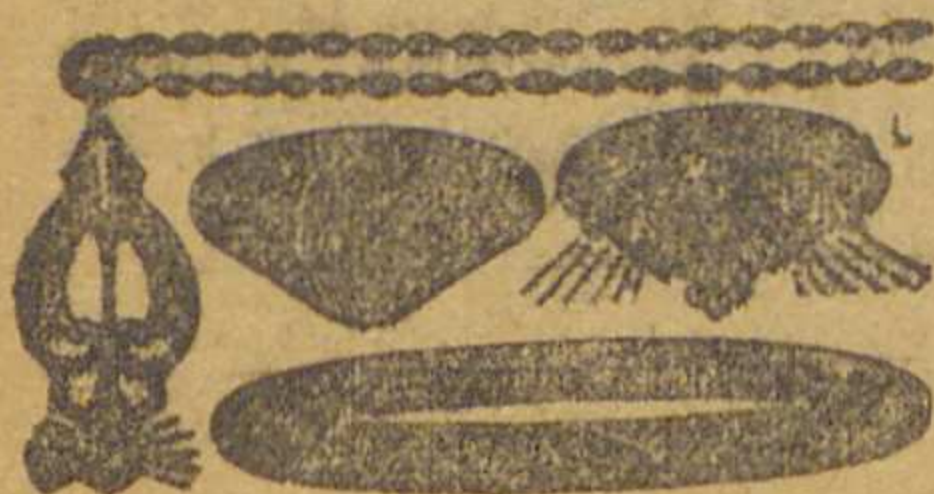
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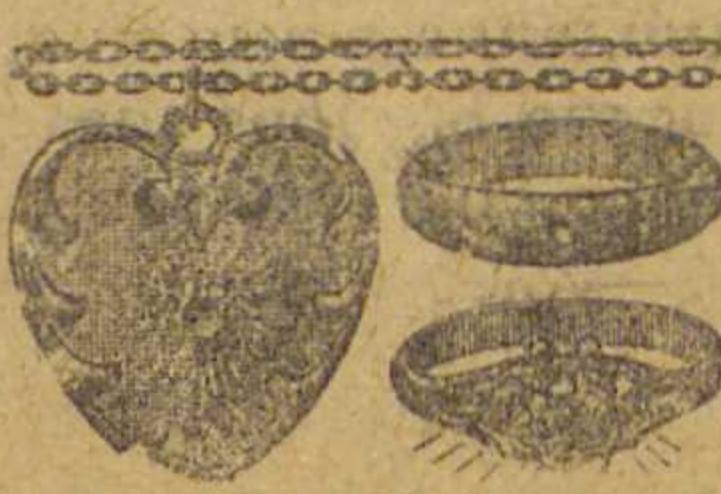
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